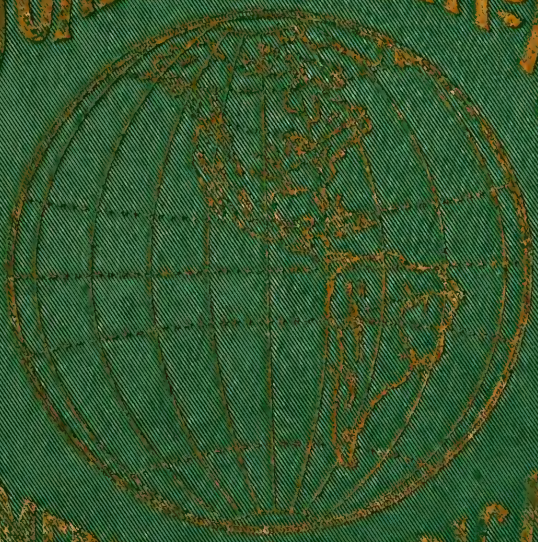
The Wonder of Nations



America and Americans

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Yours very truly
H Boaze

DEDICATED TO

MY MOTHER.

A TRIBUTE TO HER MEMORY

BY HER ONLY LIVING SON.

My dear mother, whose exact likeness appears on page 125 of this book, was born in Preble county, Ohio, June, A. D. 1821. Her father, David Byers, was born in Franklin county, Penn., about the year 1787. He was one of the pioneer settlers in south-western Ohio. My mother was married at the age of 15 to my father, Henry Boaze, who was a Virginian by birth. Shortly after their marriage they joined a party of emigrants from Dark county, Ohio, bound for the wild woods of northern Indiana, where they settled down in what is now known as Kosciusko county, on Eel river, where the author of this book was born August 11th, 1840. A more truly brave, noble and courageous woman than my mother I have never seen—staying all alone with her little children night after night in her wilderness home while father was compelled to go several miles away to work for the necessaries of life. The nearest neighbor living one mile and a half away, while great packs of hungry wolves were howling around our little cabin and a band of savage Indians were camped within a half mile of our homestead, making night hideous with their drunken yells, often coming to our cabin armed to the teeth with dreadful looking knives and tomahawks, when mother was all alone with us children, demanding of her bread and other things to eat, and yet I never was able to detect in her voice or manner anything like fear. And from my earliest recollec-

tion to the year of her death she spun, wove and manufactured all our own clothing, besides weaving and knitting for others. She helped father to clear up the homestead, to plant, cultivate and harvest all the grain, flax and other stuff raised on the farm during her lifetime, and, as the custom was in those days, she milked her own cows, raised great flocks of geese and other poultry, all without the aid of any modern machinery whatever; done all of her cooking and baking by the old fashioned fireplace till I was a boy 11 years old, when the first cook stove came into our house, which was a very crude affair compared with the elegant ranges of today. A more prudent, wise and industrious woman than my mother I have never seen. Having been raised in the wilderness of south-western Ohio, surrounded by wild savages and illiterate white people, without any advantages of free school, she was a marvel of intellectual progress, as she learned to read and write at home and was one of the most ready mental reckoners I have ever met. She was a very close calculator and a rigid economist, yet conscientiously honest in all her dealings with her neighbors —a living monument of sincerity and truth, and her ardent love for children attracted attention wherever she went. She was the mother of five sons and seven daughters, only two of whom survive her at the present time. Her untiring watchfulness over her children, coupled with her exemplary life and oft repeated moral instructions, made impressions upon my young mind that are stronger than death and as lasting as eternity. And to my dear mother I owe most of my success through life as well as my present social standing, and her sudden death Nov. 27th, 1858, coming as it did when I was just the right age to realize it, was one of the most terrible afflictions of my life.

H. BOAZE.

THE

WONDER OF NATIONS.

AMERICA AND AMERICANS.

POETICAL HISTORY

H. BOAZE,

AUTHOR AND COMPILER.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
DEAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.
1894

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· · PREFACE · ·

The author of this book would say to all who read it through,
No useless words in it you'll find, but a history, grand and true,
Of our country and its people, its products and inventions,
Its states and territory and soil, its beauty and dimensions.

To all who would themselves amuse, with rhyme and mystery,
A new departure here you'll find in written history.
Apology we do disdain, we've simply done our best
To briefly state and to explain just what should interest.

In this small book we have condensed the history of our nation;
Its wealth and grandeur, rise and growth, as well as civilization.
In poetry instead of prose, we give you facts to date,
Hence all our readers can depend on what we here relate.

In presenting to the public, this our first poetic history,
We appeal to their intelligence, as we have solved the mystery.
Our people know a good thing as soon as they have seen it.
They claim to be progressive, and we are sure they mean it.

We're willing to be criticized, we do not claim perfection.
Though from all error we would flee, it holds us in subjection.
We have at least one talent, and that we did inherit;
We offer now our book for sale, and that upon its merit.

H. BOAZE.

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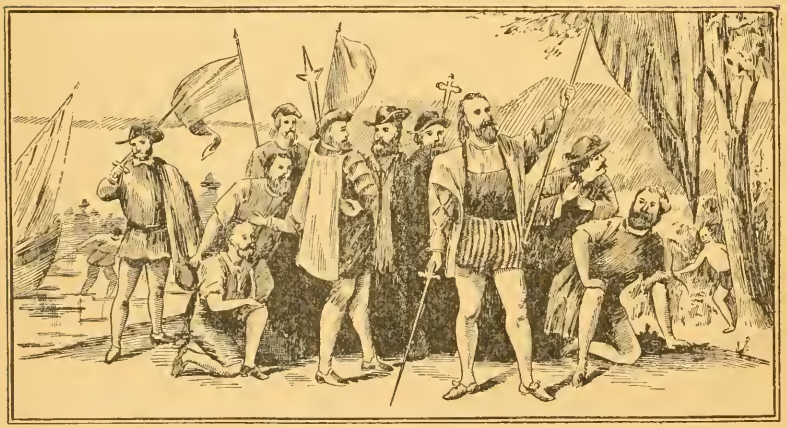
The Discovery of America.

Go ring the bells and sound the drums,
And let the music play,
We're going to have a jubilee,
And it begins to-day.
They're here from every nation;
We've come to celebrate
The discovery of our continent—
The grandeur of our state.

God bless our young America,
And all her friends that call
To see how mighty she has grown,
From that remnant weak and small,
Of bold and daring seamen—
Who ventured, as you know,
To cross the great Atlantic,
Four hundred years ago.

Three little boats composed their fleet;
And these had only sails.
Their crew just ninety seamen bold,
From Palos, Spain, they hailed.
Their commander a Genoan—
A noble man was he;
He sailed by inspiration,
Straight o'er an unknown sea.

In spite of storms and tempest,
He kept his westward course.
He heeded not opposers,
Nor would he yield to force.
But like a wise and valiant man,
Whose heart was set on fame,
At length he reached Sansalvador—
Columbus was his name.



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

He crossed the mighty ocean,
A new world for to seek;
Not knowing that he'd ever find
A foot of land or creek.
And yet this bold adventurer
Believed that there must be
Another land, of beauty rare,
Across the mighty sea.

And thus through faith, Columbus sailed
Straight on his westward way
Across the Atlantic ocean,
To our America.
He discovered our new continent,
And opened to the world
A great highway, across the sea,
To this land of gold and pearl.

Our land we call Columbia,
In honor to his name;
Of all the mighty men of yore,
He deserves the greatest fame.
For he's given to the world more wealth
Than all the kings or queens
That ever lived, before or since,
Though poor and without means.

Yet Ferdinand and Isabelle
Should come in for their share,
For the help they gave this noble man,
When almost in despair.
Queen Isabelle—bless her name—
So modest and so wise;
She pledged her jewels for to help
Columbus win his prize.

King Ferdinand did what he could
To help their undertaking;
To please his queen was his delight,
And there is no mistaking.
He gave to each a parting word;
Likewise his kingly blessing.
He hoped they'd find the promised land
Much wealth and gold possessing.

But wonderful as it may seem
To skeptics and to pagans,
They trusted in the living God—
They had no faith in dagons.
For they were christians in their way,
And trusted God to bring them
Safe through the dangers of the deep,
Unto a glorious kingdom.

They prayed, when parting with their friends,
That such might be their freighting.
Their prayers were answered, as you know,
After months of toil and waiting.
But they were wise and honest men—
Though they believed in prayer,
They gladly paddled their own canoes,
And each man done his share.

And when they reached Sansalvador—
And they were safely landed,
They sang to God a song of praise;
Their hearts were so expanded.
They planted there the simple cross,
The emblem of the christian.
They took possession in God's name;
Their right they did not question.

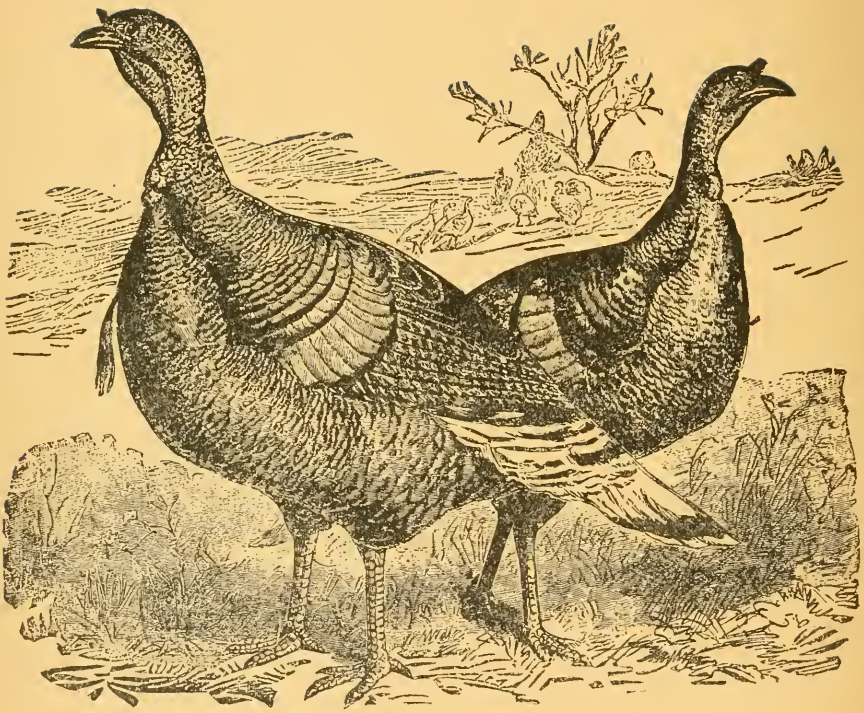
The wild men of America
Came flocking out to see them,
Supposing that the gods had come
Down to their isle to free them.
In this they were not wide amiss:
Alas they were mistaken
In how the work was to be done,
Hence hatred was awakened

A NATIVE INDIAN VILLAGE.

Columbus called them Indians,
Because of their tawny skins,
Their long black hair and shiney eyes,
Their beads and moccasins.
He learned of them to smoke a pipe,
Filled with a noxious weed
The natives called tobacco,
Which grew from native seed.

Ere long Columbus and his men
Began for to explore.
Such lovely forests and such hills,
They'd never seen before.
'Twas here they found that wondrous bird,
That we now call the turkey;
As well as corn and squashes,
And a people that were shirky.

They found this new world to abound
In fruit as well as game.
Great flocks of deer would stand and gaze,
Because they were so tame.
But they were so elated
When they discovered gold,
Which the natives used for ornaments,
Their joy it was untold.



NATIVE WILD TURKEY.

Columbus was so jubilant
O'er all his wondrous find,
He soon set sail for Spain again,
For to relieve his mind.
He took with him some specimens
Of all that he had found.
When he returned to Palos,
His fame it did resound.

The Spaniards flocked to see him,
By thousands every day.
They listened with great eagerness
To all he had to say.
He showed them all his specimens,
And convinced them that he'd found
A new world, or a continent,
Which did in gold abound.

Where wild men roamed the forest,
That hunted with the bow.
Living on corn and venison,
As well as buffalo.
A simple hearted people;
Hospitable and kind,
Who worshiped the Great Spirit,
And were peaceably inclined.

His friends now flocked around him,
Showered blessings on his head.
They gave him an ovation,
A royal feast they spread.
Queen Isabelle and Ferdinand
Great honors did bestow,
On this brave man, Columbus;
But they vanished soon, you know.

And notwithstanding all his fame,
And the wealth that he had found,
He died in want and poverty—
'Twas envy cut him down.
But justice, though she's ever blind,
Hears echos from the dead.
She will not always let them lie
Forgotten, it is said.

Hence we are here to resurrect
Those memories of the past.
To that grand old man, Columbus
We'll give what's due at last.
The nations all we here invite,
To help memorialize
That great event in history,
Of discovery and surprise.

A world of wealth and grandeur,
For ages long unknown
To Europe and to white men,
Though reaching every zone.
Our own beloved America—
The land of wheat and corn,
Where only wild men used to live,
Where statesmen now are born.

'Twas here the noble red man
Was lord of all creation,
Before the crafty white man came
To form our Yankee nation.
'Twas here the wealth of ages
Was treasured up in mines.
'Tis here you see creation's
Most wonderful designs.

'Twas here the great asylum
Of nations was prepared,
By a great and allwise providence,
Which by them now is shared.
For men from every nation
Here mingle as one race.
They're so amalgamated—
Their blood you cannot trace.

'Tis here you see the genius
Of all humanity.
And the beauty of perfection
That crowns urbanity.
'Twas here the Lord designed to teach
All nations his great plan—
The one great fatherhood of God,
And brotherhood of man.

INDIAN FAMILY IN NATIVE COSTUME.

'Twas here the oppressed of every race
Should find a safe retreat.
Here liberty, equality,
And fraternity should meet,
To form our great republic;
To beget a nation free,
Where church and state should separate,
And that eternally.

No stakes or racks or gibbets,
To cause our hearts to fear,
But liberty of conscience,
Which is to all most dear.
Our flag it is the freest
That over men doth wave,
The emblem of our nation,
The eagle strong and brave.

All honor to Columbus,
Likewise his gallant crew,
Who discovered our America
In fourteen ninety-two.
The land of gold and silver—
The western continent;
A new world it is sometimes called,
So vast 'tis in extent.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM.

First Settlement of U. S. A.

At Jamestown in Virginia,
In sixteen hundred and seven,
The first white men did settle down;
They thought it nearly heaven.
One Captain Smith, their leader,
A valiant man was he—
'Twas him that Pocahontas saved
From death and misery.

When Powhatan and all his chiefs
Had raised their tomahawks
To slay brave Smith, she rushed between,
And all their plans she balks.
This dusky Indian maiden,
With compassion was so moved,
For Smith, the white man, she would die,
Her friendship for to prove.

She begged her father, Powhatan,
To save the white man's life.
He relented for his daughter's sake,
And stopped their ugly strife.
He gave to Smith his liberty,
And honored him beside
With the title of a sachem—
He was so dignified.

When to the colony Smith returned,
Their joy it was untold,
For they supposed he had been slain
By Indians fierce and bold.
This colony was composed of men—
No women yet had come
To live in North America,
And cheer the white man's home.

At length brave Pocahontas
Became the happy bride
Of Ralf, the English nobleman—
With him she lived and died.
Now sacred to her memory,
These lines we dedicate.
She was a noble hearted maid—
So small and yet so great.

POCAHONTAS.

In sixteen hundred and twelve,
New York was settled by the Dutch;
New Amsterdam they called their town,
And they strove to hold their clutch.
But our new world never was designed
For any class or clan;
But for the poor of every race,
Who'd become American.

The English tongue we here unite
With Yankee pluck and skill.
We give to every man the right,
His own land for to till.
We know no caste in America.
We're sovereigns, ev'ry one.
We rule ourselves, and that is why
The thing's so easy done.

In sixteen hundred and twenty,
The Mayflower, with her crew
Of noble christian pilgrims,
To the old world bid adieu.
One hundred men and women
Composed that pilgrim band.
They landed safe at Plymouth,
Though oftimes nearly strand.

'Twas religious persecution
That caused them to forsake
Their native country, and their homes;
And thus to undertake
So dangerous a voyage—
So lonesome and so dark.
Yet love of right and liberty
Impelled them to embark.

Those noble men and women
Were freedom's pioneers.
Their faith in God was wonderful;
They knew no doubts or fears.
They settled in the wilderness,
Near Massasoit town,
America, their future home,
Safe from the monarch's frown.

Their privations, great and many,
They bore with fortitude.
They were a happy people,
With love of truth imbued.
For all their superstition
We well may them forgive.
They were superior to the age
In which they had to live.

LANDING OF PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

And thus it was, America
Brought forth our Yankee nation.
Our fathers worshiped liberty,
And worked for civilization.
Their faith was quickened by their deeds—
No hypocrites were they;
Those grand old puritans, that came
To Plymouth in the May.

And ever since the Mayflower touched
Our shores at Plymouth rock,
A new life's thrilled our country
Like an electric shock.
The fires of reformation
Were kindled to a flame,
They swept o'er all the continent,
The world heard of our fame.

In sixteen hundred and eighty-one
The noted William Penn
Came to America to live,
With his quaker Englishmen.
That wise and honest quaker prince,
To the red man was so kind,
He won their lasting friendship,
And confidence, combined.

And to this day no quaker blood
By an Indian has been shed.
Such is the power of kindness
O'er the red man, it is said.
New Jersey and Pennsylvania,
And Delaware combined,
Was settled by Irish and quakers,
And a government defined.

Brave William Penn, their teacher,
And president as well,
The founder of their government,
In peace with all did dwell.
In this small but free republic,
The first in America,
Was laid a sure foundation
For our nation of to-day.

That noted Swede, Adolphus,
And his colony settled down
In the State of Pennsylvania,
That place of much renown.
As well as many Dutchmen,
Whose thrift and prudent ways
Soon made them wealth and happy homes.
Amid those trying days.

And thus our fathers toiled for years,
The forest to subdue,
Dread foes without and fears within,
Their courage brought them through.
The country was so new and wild,
And forest so immense.
The land they could not till or sow,
Until they'd clear and fence.

For all this most laborious work
They had to use the ax.
They manufactured their own clothes
From cotton, wool and flax.
Their hardships were far greater
Than we can well conceive.
Each family then had got to learn
To knit, to spin and weave.

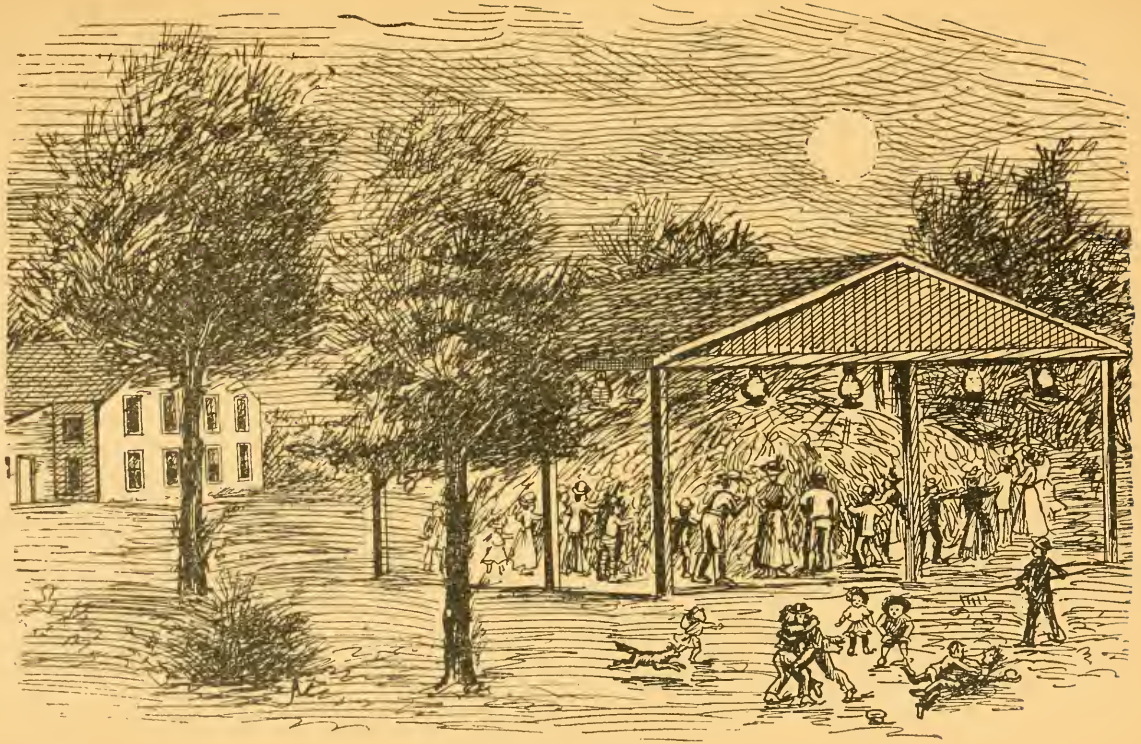
Their houses were all built of logs,
No lumber had they then,
And these were covered o'er with shakes,
Split with the frow by men.
No boots or shoes, but moccasins,
Most of them had to wear,
And nearly half of every year,
Their feet were always bare.

Their ways were homespun as their clothes;
They worked upon the farm.
By helping one another
Their sympathies grew warm.
They dined on succotash and meat,
With johnny cake and rye,
They'd venison, fish and turkey,
For desert pumpkin pie.

And when to meeting they did go,
Themselves they did enjoy;
Their hearts were full of love and faith.
No style to them annoy.
A neighbor then was worth a score
Of some we've now-a-days;
For miles they'd go to help a man
Roll logs as well as raise.

In sickness, death or trouble sore,
On them you could depend,
And if you were a man yourself
You always had a friend.
Their social gatherings were immense—
Corn shuckings, apple bees,
Both men and women all turned out,
With merry song and glees.

For people then enjoyed a song
Without a grand piano,
The words were what they cared for most—
Young Riley or Sousana.
They sang by ear instead of note—
Their tunes were inspiration.
Their words expressed their minds and thoughts
Without a reservation.



OLD TIME CORN SHUCKING.

For more than a hundred years they toiled
Beneath the galling yoke
Of monarchy, and dread misrule,
Before its chains they broke.
With iron nerve and woodman skill
They fell huge forest trees.
In all the history of the world.
There's few that toiled like these.

Wars and Conquests.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-six,
Was the American revolution;
'Twas brought about by oppressive laws,
And kingly persecution.
It resulted in a bloody war,
And American independence.
It lasted more than seven years,
But gave us our ascendence.

Brave Patrick Henry and Allen,
George Washington, Green and Perry,
The patriot Wythe and Sherman,
Reed, Livingston and Gerry,
Brave Putman, Clymer and Morris,
Ben Franklin and Ingersoll,
Chase, Carrol, Clark and Hopkins,
Brave Marion, Ward and Hall.

And a thousand other patriots
Just like them I might name,
Whose love of liberty and right
Was equally the same,
Resolved they would no longer stand
Such treatment from a power,
Whose seat was t'other side the sea—
Hence the decisive hour.

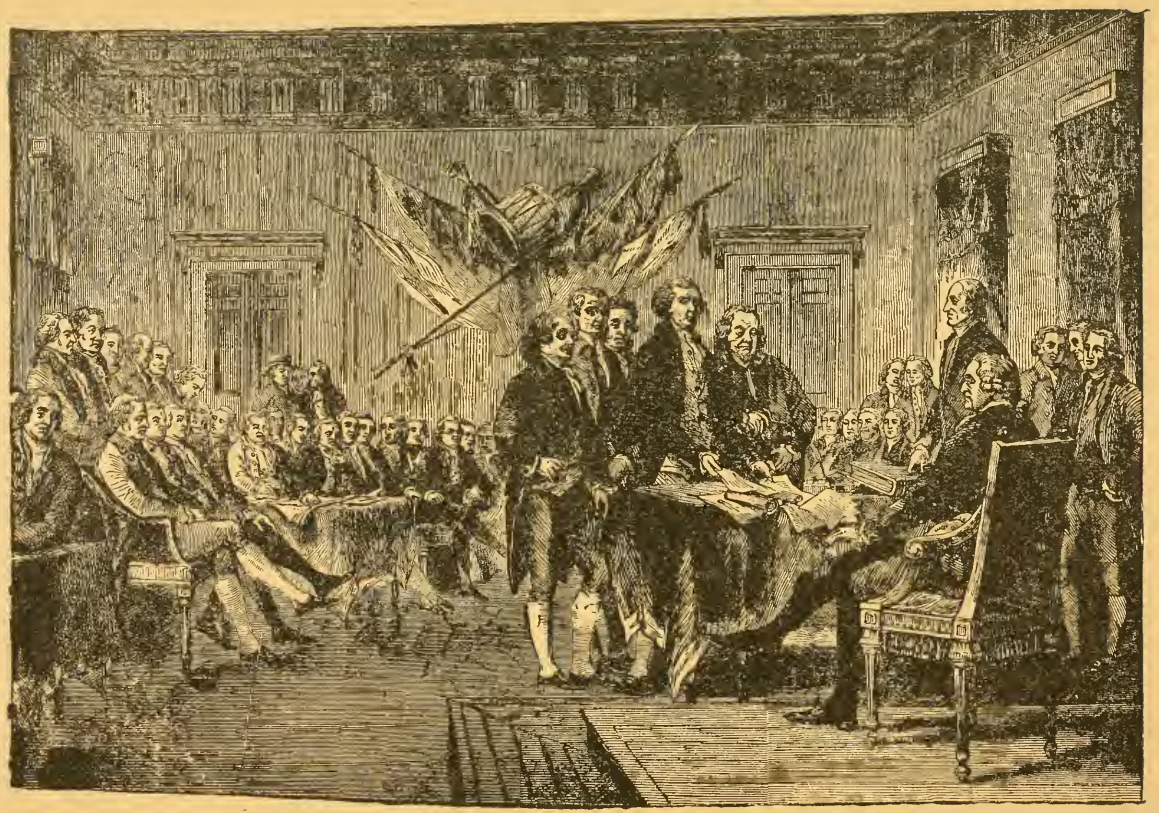
How well they fought! how brave they died!
For freedom and for home.
How death and danger they defied,
Wherever called to roam.
At Bunker Hill and Bemas Heights,
Where many of them fell,
Long Island, York and Lexington,
Let these the story tell.

The spirit of true liberty,
And justice unto all.
The spirit of the living God
On men began to fall.
The spirit of the martyrs
Descended from on high,
Which made them shout for liberty—
For liberty to die.

At length the chains of serfdom
Began to rend and break,
And at the news old Babylon
Began to fear and quake.
This shaking did continue
Until it rent her wall;
Her selfish, vile foundations sank,
And Babylon did fall.

Then serfs were liberated,
And prisoners all went free;
Hosannahs sung and shouted,
O! what a victory!
Since then the cause of equal rights,
And freedom for all men,
Has been our theme in America—
'Twas born with William Penn.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-six
The American congress met
To declare our independence,
And they are meeting yet.
July the fourth we celebrate,
In memory of the day
They signed that declaration—
How time has passed away!

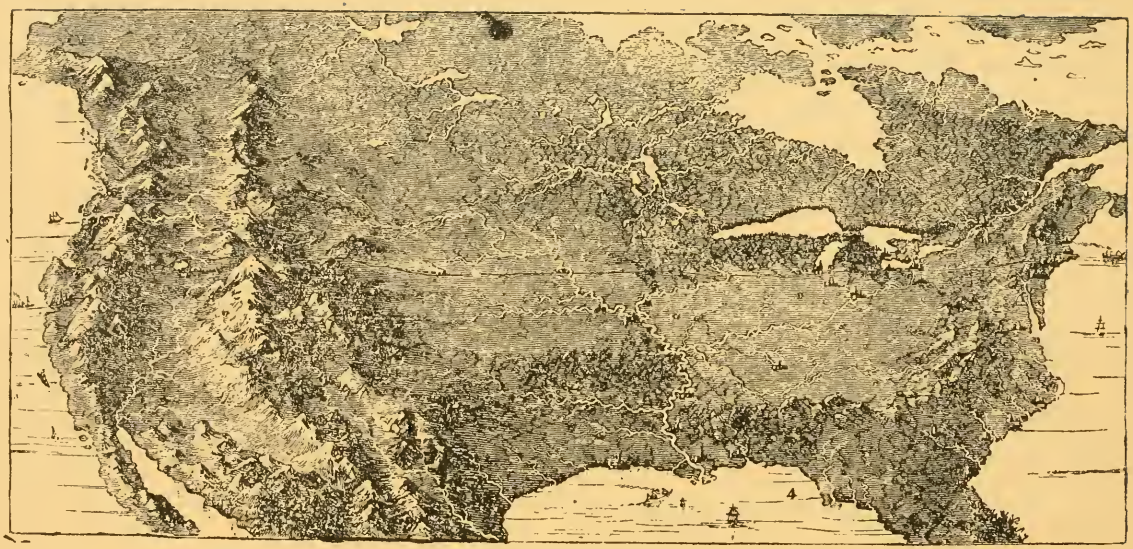


SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

From seventeen hundred and eighty-three,
We date our liberation
From the dreadful yoke of tyranny—
Then we became a nation.
Now in order to a government,
They felt the need of union.
Ere long each state they did invite,
To national communion.

'Twas seventeen hundred and eighty-seven
When they were called to meet
In a convention of the whole,
Our union to complete.
The thirteen colonies now prepared
To send their delegates
To this great union meeting
Of independent states.

At Philadelphia they all met
In Independence hall.
'Twas there they framed a government,
With liberty to all.
Our federal constitution
They then and there did sign;
United States of America
Was the name they did design.

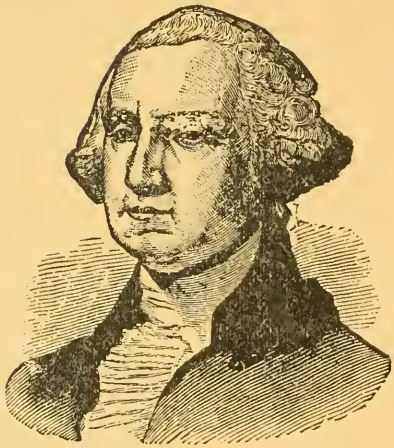


BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF U. S. A.

George Washington, of Virginia,
Was our first President.
A patriot more brave or true,
Ne'er trod our continent.
Chief general of the army,
In the American revolution,
He was the great defender
Of our rights and constitution.

The father of our country,
Our councilor and friend;
His wisdom and his modest ways,
Will always him commend.
The hero of Mt. Vernon—
All honor to his name;
Our citizen, soldier, president,
He always was the same.

From seventeen hundred and eighty-eight,
To eighteen hundred and twelve,
Our ship of state sailed steadily on—
They began to dig and delve.
Great forests changed to fruitful fields,
Before the woodman's ax.
They planted corn to make them bread,
And raised both wool and flax.



GEORGE WASHINGTON, FIRST PRESIDENT OF U. S. A.

But now each day they looked to see
Their homes all burned to ashes;
Their children and their women slain,
By Indians with red sashes,
Who had been hired by enemies
For to become their allies,
To massacre Americans—
Hence all their bloody sallies.

But soon around brave Harrison
Those pioneers did rally;
With rifles and with powder horns,
They came from farm and alley.
Those heroes, born in seventy-six,
Could never be defeated
By such a cowardly plot as this—
Their blood it was so heated.

They held a council on the spot,
And soon it was determined,
Those savages should be pursued
Until they were extermined.
And now the bloody work began
By Tecumseh and his prophet;
They yelled and shouted, cut and slashed,
Like demons just from tophet.

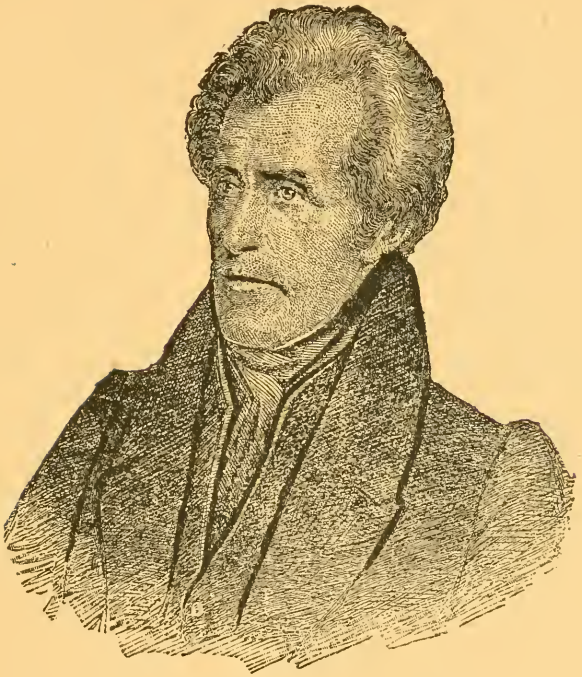
But 'twas no use, for Yankee guns
Were "heap too big for Ingun,"
For when a cannon was discharged
They ran like squaws from singen.
They really thought that Monatoos
Had thundered from the trenches,
And they would all be swallowed up—
The sound was so portentious.

They marched straight to the prophet's town,
On the banks of Tippecanoe;
A bloody battle there they fought,
With the river just in view.
The redskins soon were flying
Before them every where,
Pursued by Harrison's soldiers.
Whose shouts now rend the air.

A deadly charge, a savage yell,
And the dreadful conflict's o'er,
But many a brave militiaman,
Lies weltering in his gore.
'Twas thus for months the battle raged—
If battle you might call it.
Our men were ambushed, scalped and burned—
'Twas white men did install it.

Meanwhile old Packenham appeared
In front of New Orleans,
He boasted that he'd come to take
Our city and all its means.
But General Jackson, with his band
Of brave Kentucky gunners,
Soon put an end to all his boasts—
To pirates they were stunners.

That haughty general, and his men,
Soon felt most awful quirky,
For Jackson's men picked off their heads,
The same as squirrels and turkey,
Ere long brave Packenham was killed;
The field they did surrender.
Old Hickory fleeced him in a trice—
The saucy old pretender.



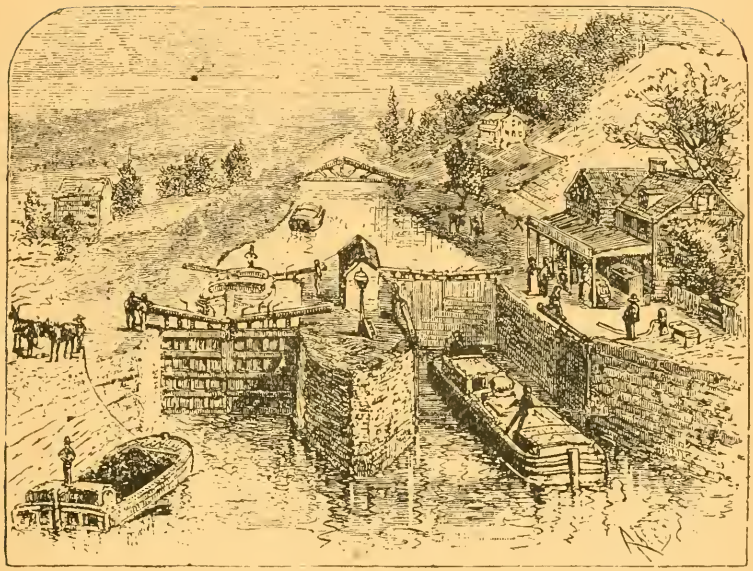
GEN. ANDREW JACKSON (OLD HICKORY).

The Indians saw that they were sold—
Now they began to wonder;
Tecumseh killed, his prophet caught—
The war it soon went under.
Our peace was then to us assured;
Our independence strengthened,
By treaties with our foreign foes—
And so our years have lengthened.

American Progress.

As yet the mail was our only means
Of distant communication.
The ox cart and the stage coach,
Of travel and transportation,
For the telegraph was then unknown,
And railroads not invented;
Hence people had to plod along—
And so they were contented.

Beyond the Mississippi
Was a country yet unknown;
A wilderness of vast extent,
That stretched form zone to zone.
At length canals and rivers
Began to be utilized
For distributing produce,
And these were highly prized.



CANAL AND LOCK.

The canal, as well as steamboat,
Was a very great improvement,
In trade and transportation,
As well as in fast movement.
The first true railroad in our land,
In eighteen twenty-eight,
Was built for trade and travel,
As well as hauling freight.

The Baltimore and Ohio
Was what they called this line.
It astonished all our people—
Although 'twas nothing fine.
For engines then were clumsy,
And homely looking things,
And cars were about as handsome
As a bird that's shorn of wings.

But now we've ninety thousand miles
Of railroad in our land.
We've palace cars and sleepers,
And coaches that are grand.
We've engines now that can't be beat
For beauty, strength and power;
They run with speed like lightning—
Say sixty miles an hour.

And now when people travel
They always take the train;
They have a pleasant journey,
In spite of wind or rain.
Now, so many miles of distance
Can be traveled in a day,
That people seem like neighbors,
A thousand miles away.

Falling of the Stars.

The thirteenth of November,
In eighteen thirty-three,
Was a night to be remembered—
A strange sight for to see.
The stars seemed falling to the earth
From a clear and midnight sky,
Some seemed as large as full grown moons,
That went a flitting by.

Millions of shining meteors
Were falling every where,
And star-like orbs were shooting
Through the cool November air.
A strange phenomena indeed—
Although 'twas prophesied
By Christ, while here upon the earth,
Ere he was crucified.

The people were so frightened
That they began to pray;
They thought the end of time was near,
As well as the judgment day.

Inventions and Improvements.

A man named Obed Hussey,
In eighteen thirty-three,
The reaper first invented—
'Twas wonderful to see.

Though first declared a nuisance
By the farmers of that day,
The cradle scythe and sickle,
It shortly done away.
And now we have the binder,
As well as mower too.
The horse rake and hay loader,
And handsome work they do.

And all our new machinery,
That's used upon the farm,
Has been invented since that time
Old ways have lost their charm.
The tinder box, the flint and steel,
Long used to kindle fires,
Gave place to friction matches—
Thus we've outgrown our sires.

An age of progress now began.
Inventions that were new,
Through men of skill and genius,
Each year was brought to view.
Exploring parties started out,
To look the country o'er—
John Freemont and Kit Carson,
And others, near a score.

These crossed the trackless desert,
Ascended mountains high;
The luxuries of life and home,
Themselves they did deny.
They searched both cave and canyon,
They followed winding trails
O'er rivers, creeks and valleys,
Great hills and woody dales.

From old Kentuck to Mexico,
They looked the country through;
They fought with desperate savages,
And wild beasts not a few.
They found great mines of coal and lead,
Of silver and of gold,
Great valleys, rich with pasturage,
Most wondrous to behold.

Where roamed great herds of buffalo,
Wild horses, elk and deer,
Where white men's feet had never trod,
Or voices caused them fear.
When they returned to friends and home,
They told what they had seen.
They gave a history of the land,
Its streams and pastures green.

This news seemed like a fairy tale,
To those whom it was told;
Yet many of them started out
To look for homes and gold.
The tide of emigration west
Began to flow apace;
The wilderness was fast subdued—
Great cities took its place.

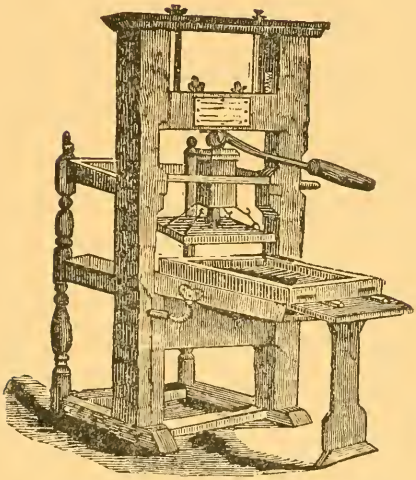
They flocked by thousands from all lands—
Each one would further go,
Until our country settled up
From Maine to Idaho.
And where once roamed the buffalo,
The antelope and bear,
The white man now, with drag and plow,
His wheat field does prepare.

EXPLORERS SHOOTING DEER.

There barns and houses have sprung up,
Like magic by the way.
There schools and churches now abound,
And children run and play.
The savage and his war dance,
No more the child alarms.
The grizzly bear and panther,
No more the settler harms.

For these dreaded foes have vanished,
Before the coming light
Of American civilization,
Like visions of the night.
The spelling book, that wondrous gift,
Through Noah Webster came,
Likewise our dictionary,
Which immortalized his name.

The old-fashioned Ramage printing press,
Ben Franklin's great invention,
Would print just fifty sheets an hour,
By closest of attention.
But now the great revolving press,
Invented by Richard Hoe,
Full thirty thousand sheets an hour
Will print and fold just so.



OLD FASHIONED RAMAGE PRINTING PRESS.

A sewing machine, completed
In eighteen forty-six,
Was the first one ever invented—
And 'twas a handy fix.
We've so improved Ben Franklin's stove,
That now they may be seen
In parlors, as well as kitchens,
They are so nice and clean.

The smoky chimney and fire place
No more the cooks enrage.
Our girls are better natured,
And ready to engage.
Now cooking is so easy,
And baking is so fine,
We've left off eating hoe cake--
On biscuit now we dine.

The spinning jennie has knocked out
The old time spinning wheel;
Machines now take the places
Of the old time loom and reel.
The old log school house is replaced
By a grander one of brick;
The Irish school master has gone,
As well as club and stick.

In short, old fashioned people
Have gone with old-fashioned ways,
And everything to-day is new—
Our worship and our praise.

The Mexican War.

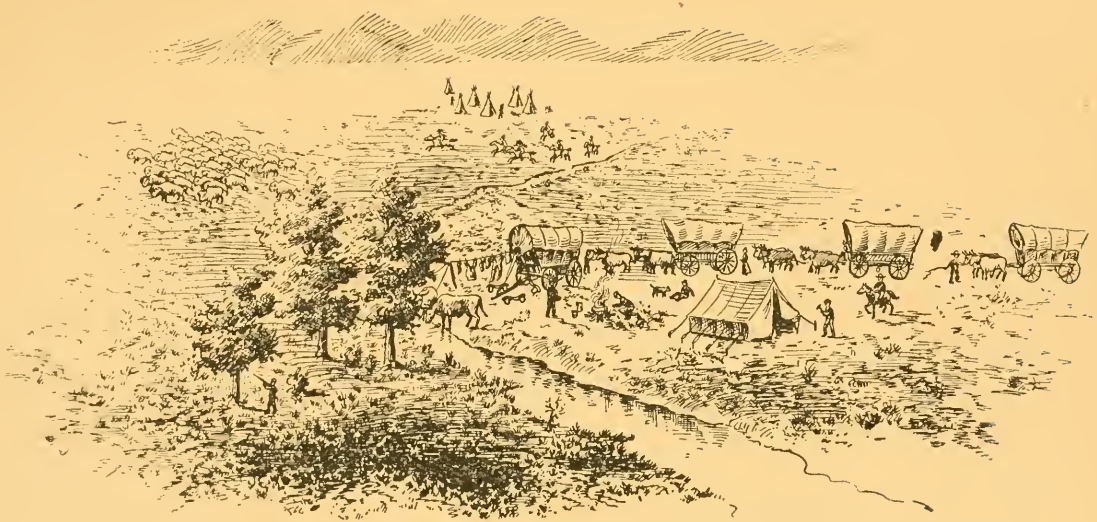
In eighteen hundred and forty-six
We'd a war with Mexico.
Old Santa An kicked up the muss,
But he gave in you know.
Zack Taylor was too much for him—
Backed by our yankee nation;
Though his lancers fought most bravely
At every place and station.

Ere long old Santa An skipped out
And Mexico surrendered,
And when our soldiers all came home
Great honors were them tendered.
At length a treaty was proclaimed,
Which gave us Arizona,
New Mexico with all her wealth,
As well as California.

That land of gold, whose mines supply
The world with precious metal,
Whose fertile valleys and whose hills
Now men began to settle.
They flocked by thousands from the East
Unto her golden shore—
In searching for the yellow dust,
They digged her mountains o'er.

From eighteen hundred and forty-nine
To eighteen fifty-four,
The gold excitement was so great
That rich, as well as poor,
Just left their farms and work shops,
And hundreds every day
Took up their march across the plains
To San Francisco Bay.

For gold they'd hazard life itself,
All hardships they'd endure;
They'd e'en defy the scalping knife
This treasure to secure.
Though many of them perished
Of hunger, thirst and cold,
While on their march across the plains—
Still all their cry was gold.



EMIGRANT TRAIN CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1852.

Some struck it rich, though many poor,
A few their fortunes made,
By digging gold and silver—
A most uncertain trade.
But those whose findings did not pay,
For all their search and toil,
Bethought them of a surer way—
It was to till the soil.

These are to-day the lucky men,
For gold in grain they've found
Was not so vain and transient
As that beneath the ground.
The increase of their flocks and herds,
And value of their farms,
As well as of their vinyards,
All fear of want disarms.

While many of their comrades,
Whom they had thought in luck,
Soon were compelled to give their gold
For fruit and garden truck.
And thus you see the farm's the source
Of every thing that's good,
And man was made to till the soil,
And thus procure his food.

The War of the Rebellion.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-one
Was a time of great rebelling—
You all know how it was begun,
And there's no use retelling.
Though when at first it started
We thought it only fun,
But we all got in dead earnest
Before the thing was done.

'Twas a long and cruel, bloody war,
Of four years' dreadful strife.
'Twixt North and South this war was waged,
With a fearful loss of life.
For each believed the other wrong,
And neither would give in;
The way they shot each other down
It really was a sin.

You all know it ended
With General Grant and Lee;
The stars and stripes they were maintained,
And the darkies all got free.
And since that time we've lived in peace;
And great prosperity
Has crowned both state and nation,
Because of liberty.

And now the darkies celebrate
Their year of jubilee,
And sing of their deliverer—
A grand old man was he.
'Twas him that Booth did murder,
Because of his great fame.
He was our noble president—
Abe Lincoln was his name.

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

American Progress Since '65.

Since the close of the rebellion
We've doubled in our wealth,
As well as population,
Though not in years and health.
We've built great factories by the score
And saw mills by the hundred;
What next for timber we will do
We frequently have wondered.

We've builded smelting furnaces
And coal kilns most immense,
All o'er our country here and there,
Where forests grow most dense.
We've multiplied our grist mills
And fountains many fold;
The product of our oil wells
Is daily turned to gold.

Our tobacco crop's enormous—
Near three hundred million pound,
Is grown each year and still 'tis dear—
In every store its found.

Our annual yield of butter
Is near five million pound,
And cheese one hundred million—
No better can be found.
We've built great lines of railroad
Across the continent;
From Atlantic to Pacific,
And still we're not content.

We've dug canals and ditches
All over our broad land;
Great thoroughfares of commerce
We've now at our command.
We've builded towns and cities,
And bridges many score;
Our herds and flocks we have improved,
Although they were not poor.

We've imported blooded horses
From England and from France;
Our cats and dogs they are so wise
They can be learned to dance.
In short, we've made such progress
In improvements, great and small,
Since eighteen hundred and sixty-one,
We've surprised the nations all.

HARRY AND HIS DOG TRIX.

A PLAYFUL KITTEN

The fame of our republic
Has spread both far and wide;
Its freedom and its fertile soil
Has drawn a mighty tide
Of foreign emigration
Unto our peaceful shores,
Of every kind and class of men
That liberty adores.

But here we're all Americans,
No matter of what blood.
We're of all nationalities.
Yet just one brotherhood.
We scorn all caste and titled names,
And strive to educate
Our children to revere the good;
The evil for to hate.

We teach them to obey our laws,
And to revere our flag,
To punish wrong, defend the right;
In business not to lag.
To always help an honest man,
Though he be old and poor,
While they are rich and young and fare;
'Twill bless them all the more.

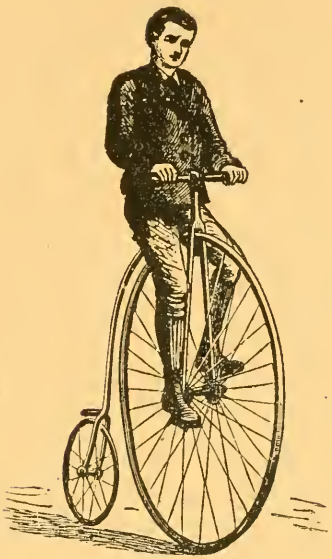
American citizen is to-day
The noblest title known.
In all the world we know no land
That's equal to our own.
The American eagle's the grandest bird
That's found in any zone,
He's the emblem of our nation's flight
To freedom's starry throne.

The swiftness of her progress;
Her independence too—
For there's no undertaking
Too great for us to view.
For if we need a microscope,
Or glass to aid our eyes,
The Yankee brain begins to turn,
And out of sand they rise.

Comparison of Ancient and Modern Customs.

The Nina and the Pinta
And Santa-Maria, stood
Through all that dangerous voyage,
Though only crafts of wood.
They bore their precious cargo,
Of christian pioneers,
Safe to this land of corn and wine,
Despite all doubts and fears.

How wonderful that voyage seems
Compared with travel now;
A ship that's run by lightning
With iron sides and prow.
For, as you should remember,
Those times were rather slow;
They'd neither cars nor steam boats
One hundred years ago.



VELOCIPEDE (BICYCLE.)

The great Atlantic cable
Was yet a thing unknown;
They'd neither plows nor telegraph,
Much less a telephone.
The microphone had ne'er been seen,
No velocipede had walked;
A dead man's voice had ne'er been heard,
No phonograph had talked.

So much for yankee push and skill,
'Tis wondrous to relate;
The marvelous inventions made
Since eighteen hundred and eight.
For in our nation's childhood
They wrought with flail and hoe;
They worked like slaves both night and day,
Each process was so slow.

But in our age of progress
We make what e're we need;
With steam plows, rakes and binders,
We go with lightning speed.
Our work it is a pleasure—
Their work was walk and toil;
We always ride where ere we go,
E'en riding till the soil.

Our works done by machinery,
While their's was done by hand;
We've machines to reap, machines to sow,
And machines to clear the land;
Machines to thresh, machines to grind.
And machines to make the bread;
Machines to wash, machines to wring,
And machines to shave the head.

Machines to knit, machines to sew,
Machines to spin and weave;
Machines to saw, machines to bore,
And machines the wood to cleave.
In short, we have progressed so far
In wonderful invention,
We can make you almost anything
That you've a mind to mention.

Our railroads with their chariots
All raging in the streets,
With the flaming head-light torches,
The skeptic fairly beats.
For lo! old father Nahum,
With his prophetic eye,
Saw all these wonders ere they were—
And this you can't deny.

For he said that in these latter times
Those things would all be so.
Unless revealed by higher power,
How was it he did know.
He saw them run like lightning,
In these our latter days—
He saw men dashed to pieces
Upon their broad highways

He saw them run from sea to sea:
Men stumbling as they walked.
He heard the jostling of the train,
And saw collectors balked.
All this to-day you know is true,
But how did Nahum know;
A man who lived in ages dark—
Three thousand years ago.

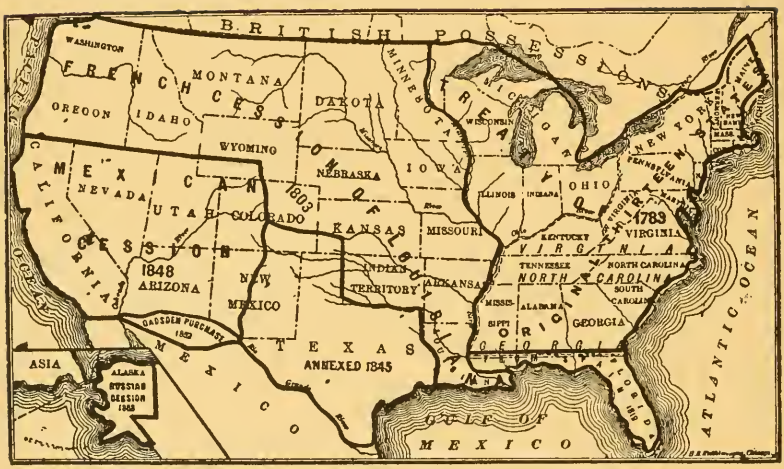
The great electric motor,
And storage battery too,
Are some of our inventions—
Most marvelous and new.
Our carriages and 'busses
Will soon be seen to run
Without a team to draw them—
Then driving will be fun.

Then we will go a flying
One hundred miles a day;
No runaways or smashups,
But pleasure all the way.
Then when the boys and girls ride out,
Their pleasures naught will blast,
For their dads will have no more to say
About their driving fast.

States and Territories.

But in our jubilation
We'll not forget the theme,
Which, to our noble ancestors,
Was but a golden dream.
This glorious land of promise,
Which we have reached at last;
This land of milk and honey,
With territory vast.

Three thousand miles from east to west,
Across our great domain;
From Atlantic to Pacific,
One vast and fertile plain.
Our coast line would reach round the world
If it were made of tape;
Alaska gives us latitude,
Our business for to shape.



MAP SHOWING THE INCREASE OF TERRITORY.

From thirteen states to forty-four
We've grown in years five score,
And still we've territory left
For quite a number more.
There's Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont,
Rhode Island and New York,
Connecticut, and Delaware
She sends rare fruit to Cork.

Maryland, Massachusetts,
Virginia, East and West,
New Jersey and Pennsylvania,
With Georgia and all the rest.
Then there's our State of Kansas,
With her progressive ways,
And lovely fields of yellow corn—
Some people call it maize.

But Ohio, Illinois,
Kentucky and Tennessee,
Michigan, Indiana,
Are grand as they can be.
The State of Alabama,
And Oklahoma too,
Are favorites of the Sunny South,
And lovely for to view.

Then there is Mississippi
And the State of Missouri fair,
Wisconsin and Nebraska
With any will compare.
There's Iowa and Texas,
For soil cannot be beat;
Louisiana and Washington,
For climate these compete.

The State of Minnesota
Is the queen of all the North;
Utah and Colorado,
Their wealth keep pouring forth.
New Mexico, Arkansas,
And the Indian Territory,
Nevada and Arizona,
With all their gold and glory.

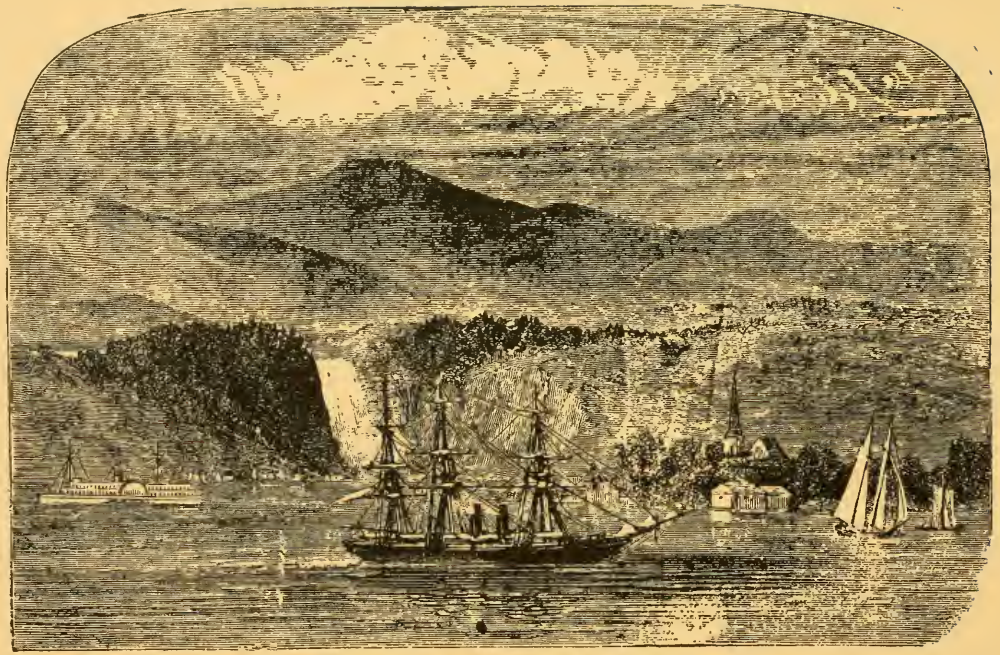
The Dakotas and Wyoming,
And their sister Idaho;
Both North and South Carolina,
And Montana with her snow.
The gulf state we call Florida,
Was once the red man's boast,
And Oregon one of the best
On the Pacific coast.

Then there is California,
So famous for her gold;
For lofty hills and mountains,
And red wood trees so old.

Lakes and Rivers.

And as to lakes and rivers,
Our country leads them all;
They're of all shapes and colors,
Both great as well as small.
Their crystal waters ripple
O'er pebbles white as snow,
While the finny tribes are sporting
Beneath their limpid flow.

There's our great Salt Lake in Utah,
Where the Mormons all reside;
The Devil's Lake and Rainey,
And lake of the woods besides.
Itaska Lake and Moose Head,
And our lovely Winnebago;
Lake George, Champlain and Spirit,
And a thousand more or so.



SCENE ON ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Our grand old Mississippi
Is the favorite of our own;
Our Lake Superior beats them all
For size and agate stone.
Lake Michigan, Ontario,
Lake Huron and Lake Erie,
Are our great commercial thoroughfares,
That make us feel most cheery.

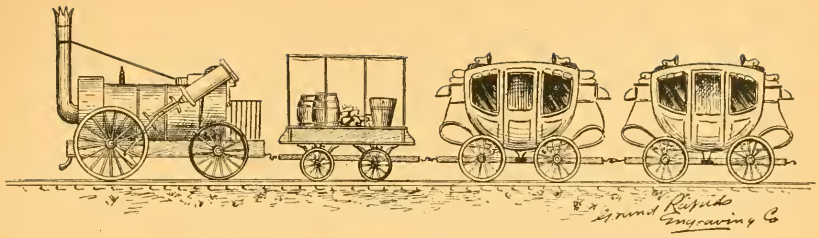
Their outlet to the ocean—
Our great St. Lawrence River,
Its wondrous falls and cataracts
Reminds us of the giver.
The Hudson and Potomac,
And Missouri, they are grand;
The Ohio our dividing line
Of North and Dixie's land.

Our great Columbia river
Flows to the ocean west;
It waters the Pacific slope—
With salmon it is blessed.
The Rio Grand of Texas
Is still the boundery line
Between that State and Mexico—
Its scenery's very fine.

Then there's the James, Savannah,
Wabash and Tennessee,
The Cumberland, Wisconsin,
The Eel and Tombigbee,
The Sangdoman, Arkansas,
Grand River and Tippecanoe,
Miama, Green, Neosho,
The Red, the White, and Sioux.

The Brazos, Colorado,
The Kaw and Manistique,
The Platt and Minnesota,
The Moose and Murphy Creek,
The Wolf and Susquehannah,
The Delaware and Maumee,
The Rappahannock, Roanoke,
St. Claire and Great Pedee.

But here we'll end our river rhyme,
For we cannot name them all,
For there are near two thousand more,
That are both great and small.
We've ship yards, docks and harbors,
By hundreds and by scores,
Along our coasts and on our lakes,
Where we make boats and oars.

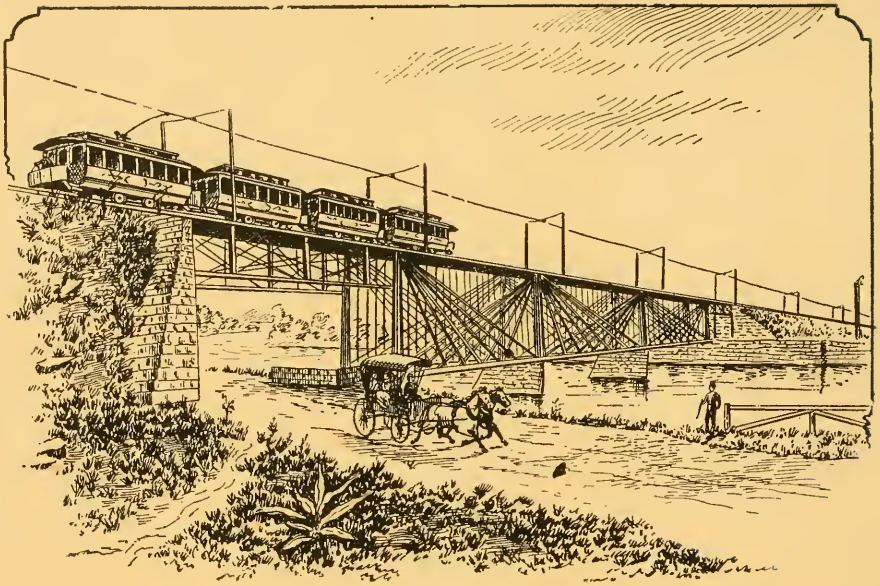


CUT OF FIRST ENGINE AND CARS USED IN U. S. A.

Commerce and Transportation.

Our carrying trade it is immense,
Our lakes are white with sails;
We've steam boats, skiffs and schooners,
And ships that stand the gales.
Our palace cars and freight trains
Now run from sea to sea,
Through mountains, under rivers,
And they're busy as can be.

We've cars that run by lightning,
'Tis far ahead of steam;
These time and space eliminate
As strange as it may seem.
Inventions now are no surprise,
We expect most anything,
Since the phonograph's perfected
And dead men heard to sing.



TRAIN OF CARS RUNNING BY ELECTRICITY.

Mountains.

Our mountain scenery it is grand,
All clothed in evergreen,
With canyons, caves and water falls,
All interspersed between.
With snow-capped peaks and pictured rocks
No mortal dare to scale;
'Tis there you'll find wild game and fruit,
And springs that never fail.

The Alleghanies on the east,
And Rockies on the west,
Are massive walls by nature formed
With awe sublime impressed.
They form a chain from north to south
Across our great domain;
Between each range from east to west,
One vast and verdant plain.

Then comes Mount Washington and Hope,
The Cascade and the Blue;
The Cumberland and Lookout;
Wind-river and Ozark, too.
The Boston Mountains and the White
The natives did adore;
The old Green Mountains of Vermont,
And near a hundred more.

SCENE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Annual Yield of Farm Products.

Our prairies are the wonder
Of all who travel West;
Ten million farms already cleared,
Of soil the very best.
Just waiting for the plowman
To break the nice green sward;
Then sow on wheat and barley,
And reap a rich reward.

Our annual yield of breadstuffs—
The wonder of all nations;
Our mills keep grinding night and day,
And they've no lack of rations.
Two thousand million bushels
Of corn the very best;
Six hundred million of fine wheat,
Grown mostly in the West.

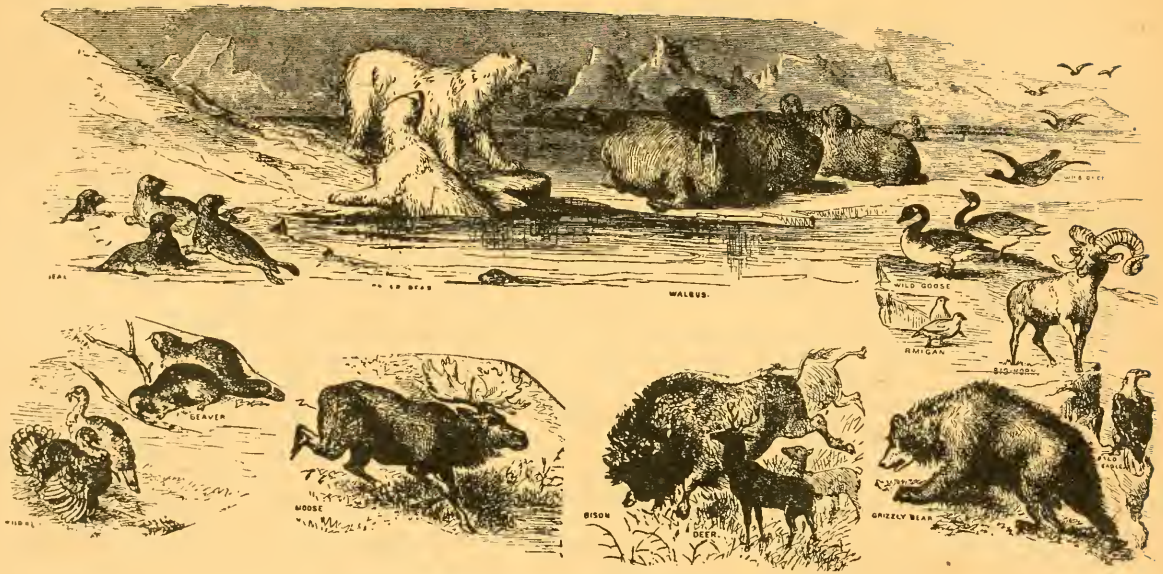
Seven hundred million bushels oats,
And forty million rye,
Near thirty million barley—
The world we can supply.
Two hundred millions bushels
Of potatoes yearly grown,
And fruit in like proportions,
The finest that is known.

Of buckwheat twenty million,
Cotton two billion pound;
Hay near forty million tons,
And yet it won't go round.
One hundred and fifty million pound
Of sugar every year;
Near fifty million pounds of flax
And hemp and still 'tis dear.

Animals and Fowls.

Our barn yards they are well supplied
With water and with fowls;
Our forests are the grandest known;
We have the largest owls.
We've herds of fine, wild horses,
And cattle on our plains;
Out where the Rocky Mountain sheep
And lordly bison reigns.

And then if you're a nimrod,
Just looking for big game,
We've moose and elk and caribou,
And grizzlies hard to tame.
And as to deer and turkeys,
They're numerous to mention;
To name them all when I set out
Was never my intention.



GROUP OF WILD ANIMALS AND FOWLS FOUND IN U. S. A.

We've grouse and prairie chickens,
And rabbits without end;
We've singing birds of various kinds,
And fowls of every trend.
Our squirrels are most numerous—
They're black and grey and red;
We've raccoon, fox and 'possum,
And geese by the million head.

We've quail and pigeons, ducks and cranes,
And swans as white as snow;
We've eagles and we've ravens,
Likewise the noisy crow.
We've rice hens, loons and plovers,
And snipes of every size;
We've humming birds and pelicans,
And the largest hawk that flies.

We've beaver, mink and otter,
Wild cat and panther, too;
We've lynx and mountain lion,
And bears of every hue.
We've leopards and we've llama,
Sea lions, seals and shark;
We've musk ox, antelope and skunk,
We've condors, gulls and lark.

DOMESTICATED SWANS.

Beauty, Wealth and Progress of U. S. A.

We've mountains filled with finest gold,
And hills that teem with flocks;
Great valleys coursed by rivers grand,
Springs gushing from the rocks.
Our canyons are with granite walled,
We've mines of coal and salt;
No end to silver, brass and lead,
And copper by the vault.

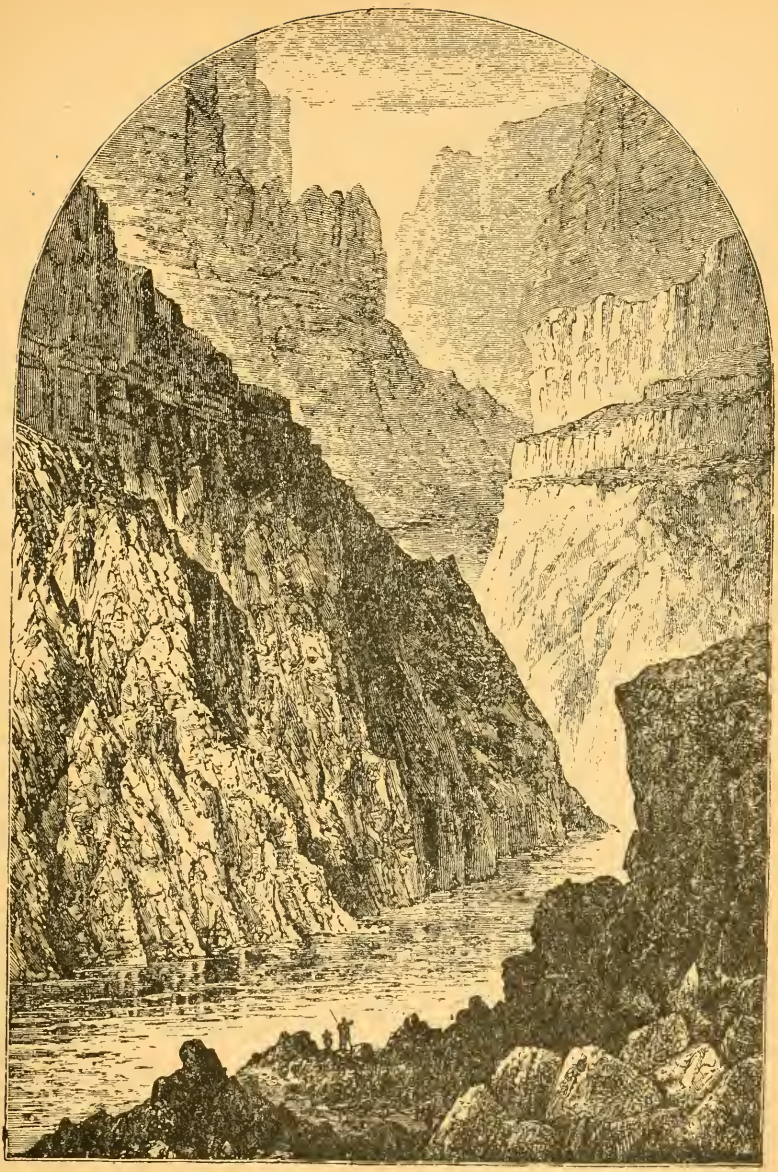
We've reservoirs of oil and gas,
Which we have lately found;
Great mines of wealth by nature stored,
Way underneath the ground.
We've mountains of pure iron,
And steel ore all we need;
Our rolling mills and furnaces—
They run with giant speed.

Our Lake Superior region
Abounds in precious stone;
And in our great morasses
There's giant fossil bone.
We've mines of the finest silicia,
Of soap and graphite too;
We've paints of all descriptions,
And flowers of every hue.

And as to food and raiment,
We raise all that we need,
Except a few rare luxuries,
Like coffee and tea weed.
But these our Yankee genius
Can readily supply,
For artificial coffee
Is easily made from rye.

We've medicines a plenty,
To either kill or cure;
We believe in just protection,
We want our homes secure.
But exchange and reciprocity
We welcome every time;
A neighborship we long to have
With every race and clime.

Our water power could run the world,
And the whole machinery;
Our great Niagara and grand falls
Are wondrous sights to see.
Our capes and bays are lovely,
We've islands great and small;
Our sea ports are most numerous,
We've promentories tall.



GRAND CANYON AND WATER FALL.

We've got the tallest cedars,
Our fir trees are as high;
Our pines and poplars beat the world,
We've saw mills on the fly.
We've circulars and band saws,
All of the latest styles;
And gang saws by the thousand—
Likewise huge lumber piles.

We've planing mills and factories
By hundreds and by scores,
All making chairs and furniture,
As well as sash and doors.
We've quarries of fine marble,
And limestone without end;
We've minerals of every kind,
And money for to lend.

And as to agriculture,
Our nation can't be beat;
We grow all classes of cereals,
The finest corn and wheat.
We've trees that yield us sugar,
We cultivate the beet;
Our syrup made from golden cane
Is almost honey sweet.

Our climate reaches every zone,
We grow all kinds of fruit;
Our garden truck is all first-class—
From yams to baga root.
Our potatoes grow so large and long
We pile them up like wood;
Our squashes and our cabbage
Are equally as good.

We raise our wool and flax and silk,
Our cotton, hemp and all;
We've wine and cider by the barrel,
And milk for all who call.
We've cellars full of honey,
And bees on every flower;
We've berries in abundance
That are both sweet and sour.

We've cream and butter by the ton
Just made from Jersey cows,
And what we make is all gilt edged—
We have no use for fraus.
If with this you are not suited,
You surely must be mean,
And if you are not wide awake
We'll sell you butterine.

We've eggs and poultry for to sell,
And strange though it may seem,
We have no use for setting hens—
Our eggs are hatched by steam.
Our incubators do their work
So grandly and so well,
One thousand chickens at a time
Come jumping from the shell.

Our barbers cannot be excelled,
They'll shave you slick and clean;
No matter what their color,
Their razors always keen.
Our auctioneers and drummers—
They are a jolly lot;
Their pockets always lined with cash,
They'll pay you on the spot.

Our musicians are the finest,
They're always on the tap;
They'll play you Yankee-doodle
Until it lifts your cap.
Our conductors and our brakemen,
Upon our great railroads,
Are so accommodating
They draw the biggest loads.

THE MODEL SHOEMAKER.

Our minstrels and our actors
Are always known as stars;
Though some of them are meteors,
We've many grand as Mars.
Our shoemakers they do excel
All others of their trade;
Our shoes they are the finest,
Our boots the best that's made.

THE MODEL BLACKSMITH.

Our blacksmiths are the very best,
Our foundrymen excel;
Our boilermakers beat them all,
Our machinists do as well.
Our hatters are a busy lot,
Our sculptors they are grand;
Our glassmakers they do delight
In blowing melted sand.

Our hotels are the grandest
That's found in any land;
Our photographers cannot be beat,
They're always in demand.
Our watchmakers are up to time,
Our jewelers are fine;
Our milliners understand the art
Of making hats to shine.

Our dairymen and cheesemakers
Are hard to beat you'll find;
Our nurserymen and florists
Are progressively inclined.
Our poultrymen all take a pride
In breeding fowls that's rare;
The prize they're always sure to take
When they attend a fair.

Our moulders and astronomers
Are the best that can be found;
Our rain makers will get there yet—
Unless they should get drowned.
Our lumbermen and shanty boys
Are hustlers in their line;
They always have the best of cooks—
On venison steak they dine.

Our tailors understand their trade,
They always make a fit;
Our harnessmakers take the lead—
From lines to bridle bit.
Our wagonmakers they can build
You anything on wheels;
Our hunters and our wood choppers
Always enjoy their meals.

BAND OF MUSICIANS ON PARADE.

Our operas cannot be excelled,
Our singers they are grand ;
Our music is enchanting—
We have the largest band.
We've a great variety of songs,
And they're the very best ;
Our instruments are all first-class,
We've jews harps by the chest.

Our books they are most numerous,
Our authors can't be beat ;
Our novels are the wittiest,
Our papers are a treat.
Our editors are brainy,
For rogues they make it hot ;
Unless they're politicians,
Then they're worst among the lot.

Our news boys they are manly,
They're always there on time;
They are so keen for nickles
They fairly talk a rhyme.
But we'll not forget our shiners—
Though they're a motley crowd;
For many a boot black's made a man
Of whom the world was proud.

Our ministers and statesmen
Are noted for their wit,
Their oratory and their push—
Likewise their Yankee grit.
Our poets and inventors
Are always up to time;
They drive the wheels of progress
With music and with rhyme.

Our engineers and printers,
And mechanics can't be beat;
Our architects and painters
Have reached the highest seat.
Our merchants and our farmers
Are each skilled in their trade;
Our dentists make the finest teeth,
Our druggists are well paid.

LIBERTY OR DEATH.

Our schools and churches are the best—
No finer can be found;
Our boys and girls are wide awake,
On liberty they're sound.
Our doctors and our lawyers,
And our teachers are the best,
That this old world has e're produced—
They always stand the test.

Our parks and lawns are beautiful,
Our groves and gardens rare;
Our temples are magnificent—
The best of clothes we wear.
Our waters drawn by wind mills,
Our fountains are a sight;
We've banished darkness from our homes
Since we've electric light.

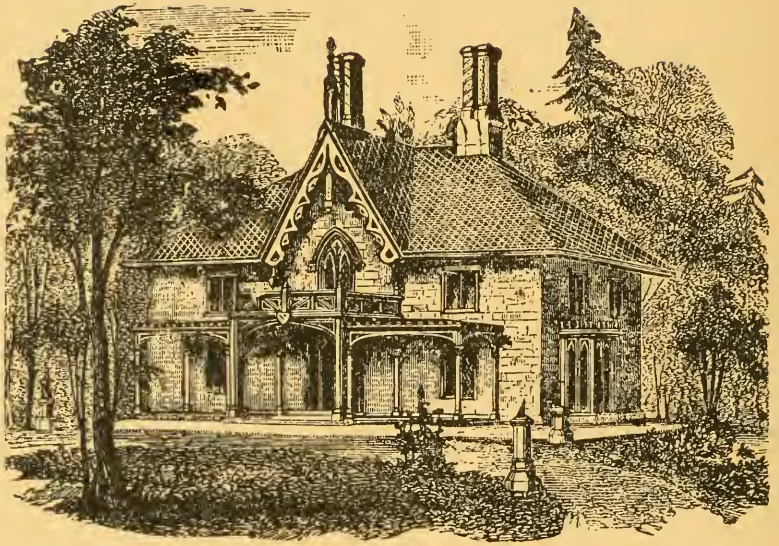
Our watches and our clocks you see
Are always there on time;
They're the boss and quick train timers, too,
Yet none of them will rhyme.
The American and Elgin,
They hardly ever vary;
And if you don't like one of these,
Just try a Waterbury.

ELECTRIC LIGHT

Our houses are of brick and stone,
They're palaces complete;
We live like kings and queens at home—
Our cookery can't be beat.
Our furniture's the very best,
And that is none too good,
For variety we beat the world—
We've gas and coal and wood.

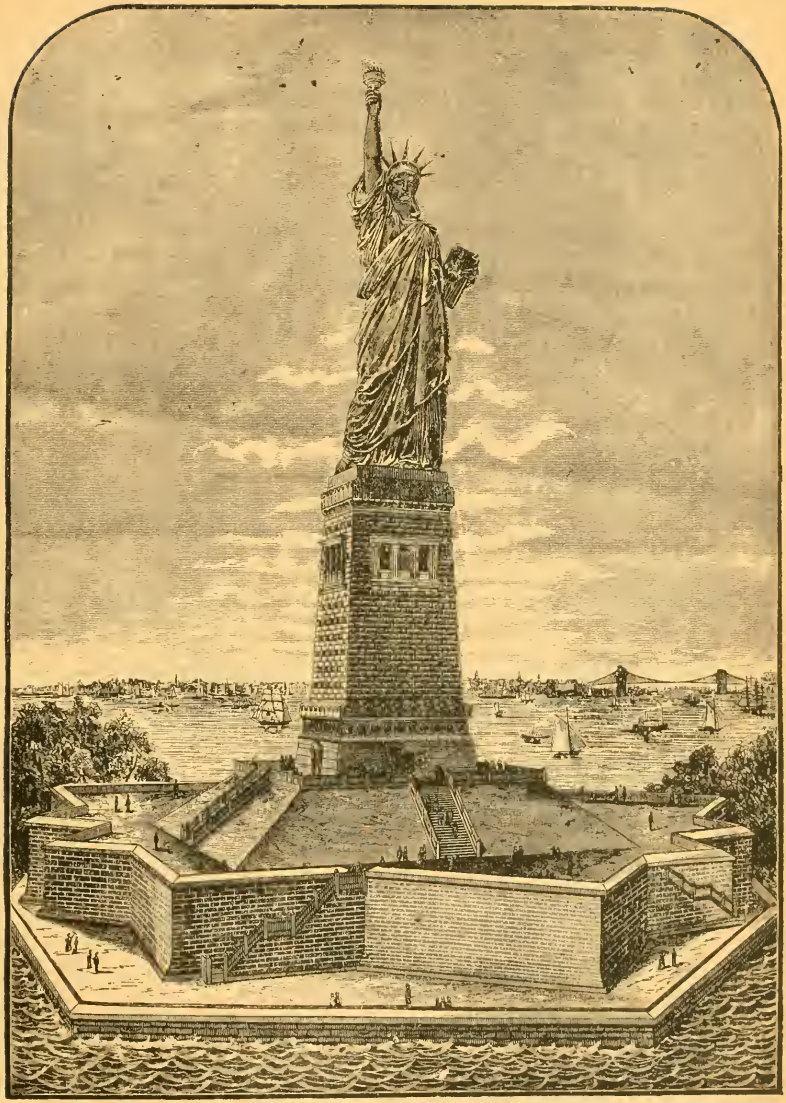
And as to hospitality,
Our nation takes the lead;
They'll dine and wine you royally,
Until for health you plead.
They'll welcome you to all that's grand,
Unless you are a tramp;
But if you're selling lightning rods,
They'll tell you to decamp.

Our monument to liberty,
That stands on Bedloe Isle,
Has the largest statue in the world—
Its torch burns all the while.
Its height is just three hundred feet,
Uplifted toward Heaven;
From Bartholdi's heel to top of head,
It measures one eleven.



MODEL FARM HOUSE.

Of all the bridges in the world,
Our Brooklyn does excel,
Its height one hundred and forty feet—
Less five from water swell.
For beauty, strength and architect,
This bridge will take the prize;
Its towers two hundred and eighty feet—
Less three are seen to rise.

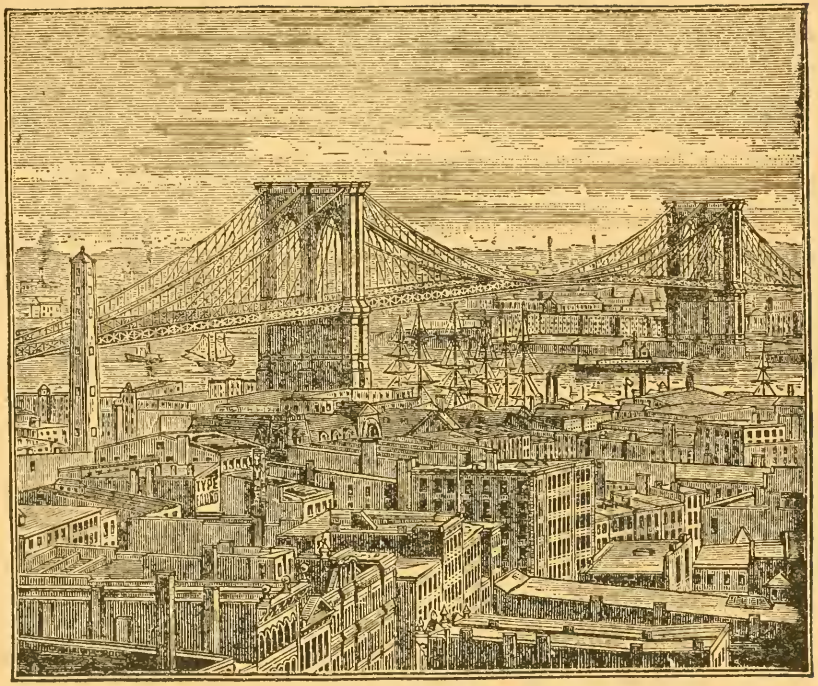


Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty Standing on Bedloe Island (New York Harbor.)

One thousand and six hundred feet—
Less five its river span;
Its total length more than a mile,
Just beat it if you can.
Its cables fifteen inches through—
Plus one-half inch you'll find;
Its width just ninety feet less five,
For driving 'twas designed.

Six thousand and three hundred wires
Compose each cable strong,
And four of these support it well,
Although it is so long.
The cost of this enormous bridge
Was thirteen million cash,
And should it ever tumble down,
'Twill cause a mighty crash.

Our Washington monument exceeds
All others yet erected,
For height and grandeur of design,
And glory that's reflected.
Five hundred and fifty feet, plus five,
Its shaft and apex rise,
In memory of George Washington;
It towers toward the skies.



BROOKLYN BRIDGE AND NEW YORK HARBOR.

Telegraph.

The first time news was ere conveyed
By telegraph, they say,
Was eighteen hundred and forty-four,
The twenty-ninth of May.
The word was flashed along a wire
To Washington, D. C.
From Baltimore it was sent out—
James Polk's our nominee.

Professor Morse sure was the man
Who sent this message out;
'Twas the trial of his telegraph
That was so much in doubt.
But it worked just as he said it would,
And the people were amazed
At Morse and his invention—
Some really thought him crazed.

But now the world all honors him
For his wonderful invention,
Which eliminates both time and space.
And has such wide extension.
For the telegraph has done full more,
For the progress of our nation,
Than anything invented yet,
As a means of communication.

For since the Atlantic cable
The ocean wide has spanned,
The news of each transaction
Is flashed to every land;
Uniting in one mighty force,
The genius, thought and mind,
Of all the human family,
To elevate mankind.

The man who laid this cable
Was a genius bred and born;
A Yankee of the truest type,
And failure he did scorn.
Through faith and perseverance,
And a will that would not yield,
Success at length his efforts crowned—
His name was Cyrus Field.

At Cambridge, Massachusetts,
In sixteen thirty-nine,
A printing press was there set up—
They thought it very fine.
'Twas the first one in America,
And it was run by hand;
But now they're run by lightning,
And are numerous in the land.

Early Missionaries.

The zealous true and brave Marquette,
In sixteen seventy-four,
A Jesuit mission did begin,
On Michigan Lake shore.
His cabin was the first one reared
Where now stands our Chicago;
He tried to win the natives
Away from gimnatoe.

La Salle, Saint Come and Charlevoix,
Were pioneers from France;
True Jesuits who labored hard,
Their cause for to advance.
The wilderness they did explore,
The Indians they sought out,
That they might teach them better ways,
And make them more devout.

There were scores of missionaries,
Of Protestant array,
In those old Puritanic times,
Who traveled night and day,
To spread the Gospel of good will
And teach men how to live.
Of those faithful Christian workers,
A few more names we'll give.

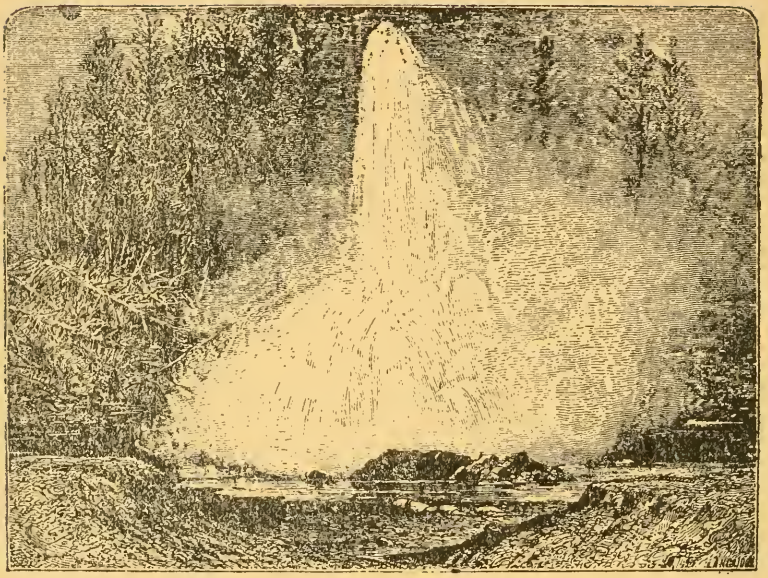
Such men as brave George Elliot,
Of missionary fame,
Who labored hard for many years—,
The savages to tame.
The Bible he translated
Into the Indian tongue;
He tried the red men to convert,
The old as well as young.

Likewise brave Roger Williams,
Who was banished for his faith;
Asberry and Able, Bingham,
Stone, Campbell, Finney and Heath,
And many other noble men,
Did sacrifice their all
To help reform and save our land
From wickedness and thrall.

Yellowstone Park.

Our national park, the Yellowstone,
Is the grandest on the globe;
Its wondrous spouting geysers
The fiery regions probe.
Its mountain peaks and canyons,
Its fountains and its rills,
All blend in Eden beauty,
With groves and verdant hills.

There's rivers and savannahs,
There's caves and castle rocks,
Where nature's columns and designs
The sculptor fairly mocks.
Its scenery is resplendant
With nature's lovely charms;
An elysian field of grand resort,
So free from all alarms.



SCENE IN YELLOWSTONE PARK (SPOUTING GEYSER.)

Its area is five thousand
Square miles of game preserve;
It's guarded close on every side
By men of pluck and nerve.
Its open to all visitors,
Who wish its sights to see—
There's railroads and there's stages,
If you've only got the fee.

'Twas here the noble red men
Once slew their buffalos;
Here roamed the braves and warriors,
Called Siouxs as well as Crows.
But the white man has subdued them,
And owns their hunting ground,
Though they were natives of this land,
When by Columbus found.

They struggled hard to keep it—
T'was knowledge they did lack;
Though they fought like very demons,
The white men drove them back.
Though savage in their natures,
They had some noble traits,
While many of our white men,
The savage imitates.

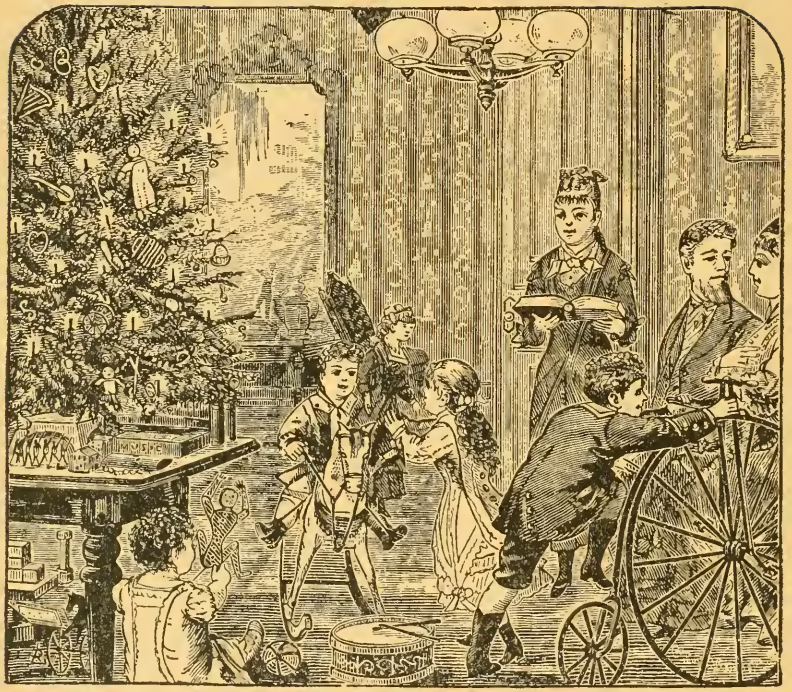
Tecumseh, the noble warrior chief,
In the battle of the Thames
Was slain, while cheering on his men
Amid the battle flames.
Although a desperate savage foe,
He fought for home and friends.
The annals of humanity,
His daring act commends.

THE WARRIOR CHIEF TECUMSEH

Increase of Population and Noted Men.

Behold our mighty nation
Of freemen born from slaves,
Whose starry emblem is revered
By all o'er whom it waves.
From three to sixty millions strong,
We've grown in a hundred years;
Our wealth we count by billions,
Though its cost us blood and tears.

We believe in education,
And every good reform;
In giving to a brother
A shelter from the storm.
We're a happy, prosperous people,
United heart and hand;
Peace and good will our motto,
We love our native land.



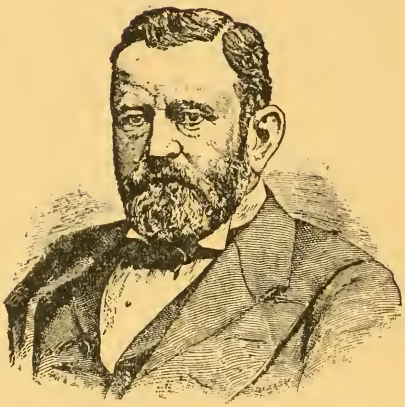
A HAPPY HOME.

She's the pride of every nation,
Our own America;
The home of Washington and Grant,
Of Lincoln and of Day.
Of Sherman and of Logan,
Of Sheridan and Mead;
Of Hancock, Scott and Webster,
Brave Thomas Smith and Reid.

Of Edison, the inventor
Of the electric light;
Of Fulton, the first steam boat,
Of Garfield and of Knight.
Of Whitney, the inventor
Of the wondrous cotton gin;
Of Hoe, the great perfector
Of what Franklin did begin.

Of Generals Gates and Schuyler,
Paul Jones and Daniel Boone;
Brave Biddle, Byers and Bartlet,
John Adams, Cox and Noon;
Of General Wooster, Dean and Crane,
Brave Knox and Henry Lee;
McArthur, Hughes and Hayward,
Tom Jefferson and McGee.

Of Douglas and of Thornton,
Those noted orators;
Of Greeley and of Draper,
Likewise the senior Orrs.
Of Whittier and of Bryant,
Of Emerson, Peale and Cooke;
Of Bancroft, Blaine and Talmadge,
Of Hawthorne and his book.



GEN. U. S. GRANT.

Of Dick Boaze and Captain Brady,
That brave Virginian,
And Colonel Davy Crockett,
That lion-hearted man—
The hunter, soldier, statesman,
Who was killed at Alamo
While fighting for his country,
Down in old Mexico.

GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

Likewise brave Sam McCollough,
Of Revolution fame,
Who rode straight over a precipice,
And escaped both stake and flame.
When surrounded by wild savages,
Who thought they had him fast,
He leaped for life and won it,
Though he was slain at last.

Then there was brave Sam Houston,
Of grand old Texas fame,
Who captured Mexico's great man—
Old Santa An by name.
Then drove his army from the land
And saved the Lone Star State,
And then became its President
In spite of jealous hate.

And many more illustrious names,
In history now appears,
Of those who gave our nation birth,
Amid those trying years,
Who sacrificed their lives and homes
For liberty and right;
Those Revolution heroes,
For freedom long did fight.

All honor to our noble sires.
Who first came o'er the sea,
To plant the seeds of liberty
In North America.
They toiled as only heroes could,
Through many weary years;
They struggled on in faith and hope,
Through poverty and tears.

At length the boon for which they prayed
And fought and bled and died,
Was granted e'en to us their sons,
Although to them denied.
Our homes of luxury and wealth,
Their toil to us did yield;
The lone and howling wilderness
Changed to a fruitful field.

Their names we'd speak with reverence,
Their memories we'll revere,
We'll celebrate their noble deeds
With music and good cheer.
We'll sing of those old heroes,
We'll tell of their careers,
How they fought wild beasts and Indians—
Those brave old pioneers.

But in those dark and bloody days
Of our country's awful trial,
Brave women suffered more than men;
And there is no denial.
Those noble mothers bore their part
With patience, day by day,
They guarded well their little ones,
Lest Indians should them slay.

They planted corn and chopped their wood,
And tilled the ground as well,
Secured their crops in spite of foes,
Though many of them fell.
They spun and wove, prepared the clothes,
For husbands and for sons,
While these were fighting for their rights—
And thus their history runs.

They cared for sick and wounded,
They cheered the soldiers on;
Their inspiration won the day,
If it was fully known.
Some fought beside their husbands,
With daring and with skill;
There was no place or station,
They did not nobly fill.

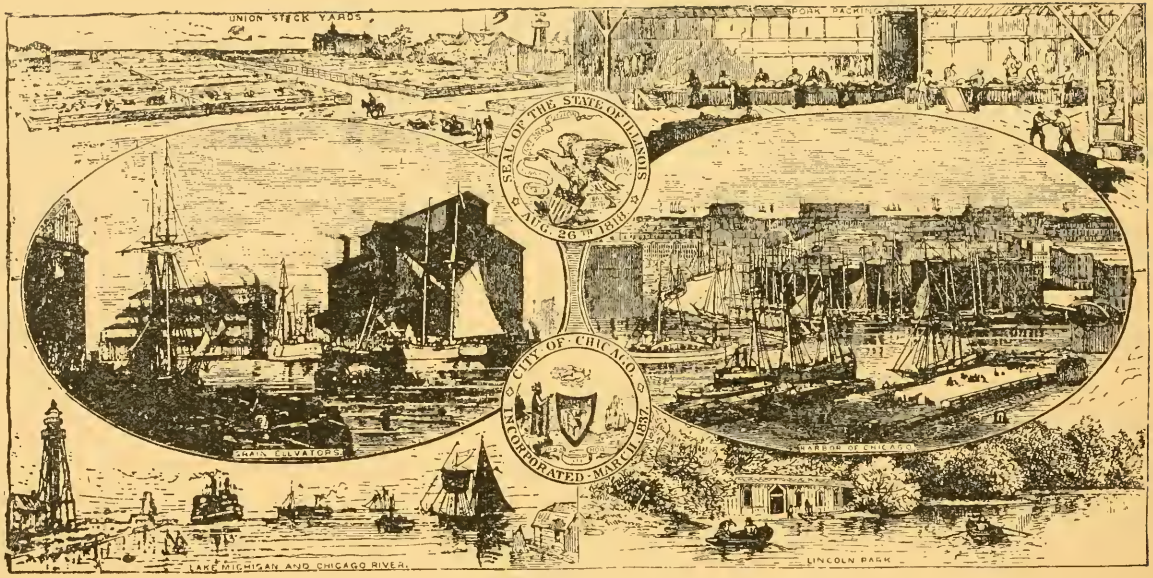
Our mothers and our sisters
Are always our best friends,
When men will all forsake us,
They'll help us make amends.
Though all others may deceive us,
We'll find them always true;
Then we'll not forget our mothers,
No matter what we do.

KATIE BOAZE (MOTHER OF AUTHOR.)

Our Homes and Cities.

Our lovely fields and cities,
And brilliant homes beside—
With all our wealth and commerce,
That float upon the tide,
Is a wonder to all nations—
For as you ought to know,
This land was but a wilderness
One hundred years ago.

E'en the city of Chicago,
Which you so much admire,
With her twenty story buildings
Just springing from the fire.
With her million population,
Her gorgeous parks and fair,
Just sixty years ago to-day
Was but a wild beasts lair.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CHICAGO HARBOR AND PACKING HOUSE.

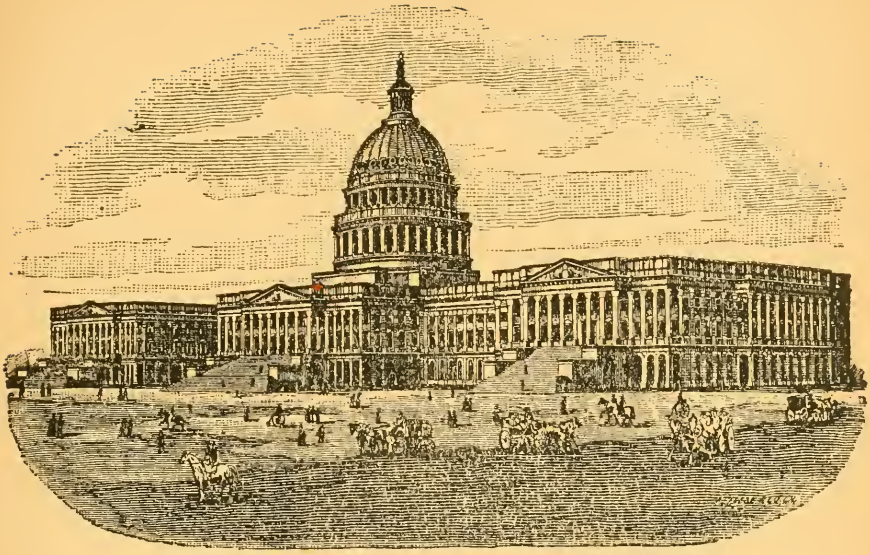
The red man paddled his canoe
Where now stands granite blocks;
Here coyotes and the red deer roamed,
And wild geese lived in flocks.
To-day she stands a monument
To our Christian civilization;
Her push and progress can't be beat—
She's a type of our Yankee nation.

The cities of Boston and New York,
And Philadelphia, too,
Are objects of our nation's pride,
And lovely for to view.
As well as San Francisco,
Los Angeles and New Orleans,
St. Louis and Cincinnati,
St. Paul and all their scenes.

With Charleston, Kansas City,
Dubuque and Toledo,
Quincy, Omaha, Duluth,
LaCross and Buffalo;
Evansville and Bangor,
Atlanta and Chattanooga,
Covington, Grand Rapids,
Tacoma and Cayuga.

There's Louisville and Pittsburgh,
Milwaukee and Detroit,
Seattle, Minneapolis,
Brooklyn and Beloit;
Portland, Memphis, Cleveland,
Ft. Wayne and Baltimore,
Savannah and Galveston,
And others by the score.

Then there is Washington, D. C.,
The Capital of our nation,
With its famous White House monument,
The center of civilization;
Where all our wise men congregate
To talk of politics—
To frame our laws, maintain our cause,
And play us Yankee tricks.



CAPITOL BUILDING AT WASHINGTON.

Uncle Sam and His Domain.

Our laws are made by Congress,
Expounded by our court;
Enforced by our Executive—
Our poor we do support.
We have no use for monarchy,
And all that sort of thing;
Our government's republican,
Our president's no king.

Our Uncle Sam's a grand old man—
He's money by the billion;
Five hundred million farms or more,
And children sixty million.
His relations are most numerous—
They are of every race;
And notwithstanding all their whims,
He keeps a smiling face.

He owns near forty million sheep,
And manufactures wool;
His cotton mills they are a sight,
His looms are always full.
His knitting factories are immense,
His paper mills are grand;
His postal service can't be beat—
It reaches every land.

He'd forty million cattle,
And fifty million swine;
And horses eleven million,
In eighteen eighty-nine.
He prints more papers and more books
Than any other nation;
His ships are found on every sea,
All o'er the whole creation.

Ten thousand million dollars,
His commerce yearly yields;
His trade it is enormous—
With every race he deals.
Three hundred thousand miles of wire—
Used for his telegraph;
Each year one hundred million cash
From mines and that's not half.

His railroads traverse every state,
All o'er the Yankee nation;
His army of officiary
You meet at every station.
His flag's composed of stars and stripes,
Fit emblem of the free;
It represents our Union
Wherever it you see.

His engravers are the finest,
They cannot fail to please;
His babies make the loudest noise—
He has the largest trees.
His steeples are the tallest,
His towers reach to the clouds,
And when he has a fair or show,
He draws the biggest crowds.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS FLAG.

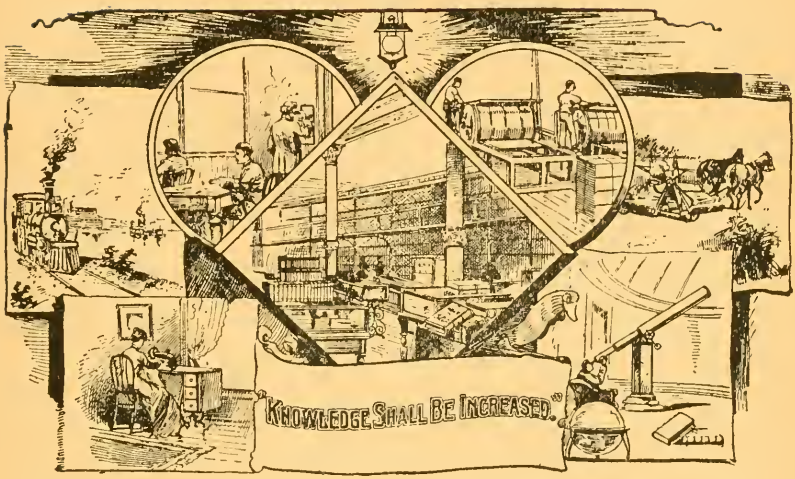
His mints are coining silver
And copper by the ton,
As well as gold and nickel,
And their work is just begun.
But notwithstanding all his wealth,
He is so democratic,
He leaves each child to rule himself,
Which truly is extatic.

Our national prosperity
Is marvelous to behold.
Our freedom is proverbial—
Our happiness untold.
Our national flower, the goldenrod,
In perpetual bloom you see,
Its lovely golden plume attracts
Both humming bird and bee.

Future Progress and Possibility of Our Nation.

Remember the dark ages.
Not fifty years ago,
When people read by candle light,
And hunted with flambeau.
Before the mountains yielded oil,
Or Edison had found
The source of incandescent light,
Which doth the world surround.

Thus light increases knowledge,
And knowledge gives more light.
These are the saviors of the world,
And not the arms of might.
And when our knowledge shall increase,
As much as temporal light,
Then wars will cease unto the end,
And wrong succumb to right.



AMERICAN PROGRESS SINCE 1828.

Old things away are passing,
In this transission age.
Destruction is instruction,
The child becomes the sage.
The times are swiftly changing,
And men's opinions too,
The twentieth century dawns apace,
And a nation that is new.

Then they'll give more time to music
They'll cultivate more flowers;
Their charities they will enlarge,
For a neighbor's good is ours.
They'll use less of narcotics,
And more of common sense;
They'll cultivate more honesty,
And think less of pretence.

The curse of man, hard labor,
Will then have passed away;
Each day will bring new pleasures—
Their work will be but play.
Each day they'll work eight hours—
You could not call it toil;
They'll do all by machinery—
Their hands they'll hardly soil.

Six hours each day for pleasure,
For reading choice books,
For music and for singing—
How young the old folk looks.
The curse of speculation
They will so far remove,
They'll not make rogues of honest men
But will the man improve.

They'll think less of their dogs and cats,
And more of the human race;
They'll seek to improve their children,
By every means of grace.
They'll understand the laws of health
So well they'll ne'er be sick;
Their children will be trained to mind
Without a club or stick.

Their needs will then be all supplied,
And there will be no lack,
For each will gladly do his share,
And business will not slack.
Invention then will have a boom,
For genius will be free;
Each one will come in for his share—
No more monopoly.

Electric power instead of steam
Will run machinery;
The air ship will supplant the cars
For excursions to the sea.
In short, we're going to progress
In spite of all creation;
In science, art and knowledge, too,
As well as civilization.

And there's no telling where 'twill end,
For being is eternal;
The growth of mind is infinite,
And like its source supernal.
The realm of thought's a mystery,
As deep as all creations;
The will of man is circumscribed
By many limitations.

Then let us live in hope and trust,
That all these souls benighted
May sometime see a clearer light,
And all that's wrong be righted.

National Song.

TUNE—"SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS."

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

Welcome to day, ye sons of America!
Hear the glad tidings of peace and good will.
Kings with their honor and glory all coming;
Words of the prophet they're here to fulfill.

CHORUS.

Ten thousand years my own Columbia,
Yet may thy wealth and beauty unfold.
Peace and good will to all thy children—
Nations unborn shall yet behold.

Nations have seen and here flow together;
Gentile and Jew they come from afar,
Homage to pay to our country and nation,
The birth place of freedom, hope's glittering star.

Shout ye for joy, ye sons of Columbia;
Sing to her praise, ye her daughters so fair;
Fling to the breeze her star spangled banner—
Let peace and good will resound through the air.

Glorious land of blood-bought freedom,
Shrine of the pilgrim ever dear;
Home of the patriot, how I love thee!
Land of all lands, so free from all fear

Here the oppressed of every nation,
Honest and true men with us may share
Liberty's boon, the sunlight of freedom,
In this our land of the brave and fair.

Best of all lands, our own free America,
States all united forever as one.
Long may thy peace remain as a river,
Capital city, our own Washington.

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The Columbian Exposition.

Our Columbian Exposition,
All others does excel;
In magnitude and grandeur,
Its sights no tongue can tell.
Its buildings are the largest,
And grandest ere unfurled;
They're filled with rare inventions,
And wonders of the world.

And these were planned and so arranged,
With reference to the whole,
That gilded domes and sculpture grand,
Each entrance should control.
There's wondrous ancient relics,
And fine arts without end;
There's fish of all dimension,
And fowls of every trend.

'Tis here you see the products
Of every race and clime,
With all the queer machinery,
From Cæsar to our time.
There's lovely artificial bays,
Canals and deep lagoons,
Where curious crafts and pleasure boats
Display their strange cartoons.

There's lovely islands set with flowers,
And evergreens most rare ;
That rival Ceylon's native bowers,
Whose trees perfume the air.
There's lovely mounds all set with ferns,
And feathery palm trees wave ;
Where spray from lovely fountains fall,
In which their branches lave.

There's naught that genius could design,
Or wealth and art create,
But what adds some attraction here,
And glory to our state.
There's towers and statues, glittering domes,
And palaces combined ;
With courts and castles, gardens rare,
Entrancing to the mind.

The Transportation Building
Is a marvelous invention;
There's many of its features
That I've not room to mention.
Its length nine hundred and sixty feet,
Its width two fifty-six;
Its entrance is one grand arcade
With colonade affix.

Its decorations represent
Inventions of improvement,
In transportation cars and boats,
As well as in fast movement.
Its golden door and cupola
Are some of its attractions;
Its funny manikin with wings
Is a creature of refractions.

MINING BUILDING.

The gigantic Mining Building is
Most wonderful to see;
In architectural design
'Tis grand as grand can be.
Its length is seven hundred feet,
And 'tis three fifty wide;
A grand retreat for dainty feet,
Its toilet rooms provide.

Its spacious restaurants supply
Refreshments of all kinds ;
Delicious fruit and savory meats—
Likewise the finest wines.
There's entrances from every way,
Adorned with sculpture grand ;
Great promenades and galleries
From which to view the land.

'Tis here you see rare specimens
Of ores from every state ;
Gold nuggets, quartz and silver too,
With diamonds small and great.
All kinds of mineral here you see,
Extraction of the metals :
Hydraulic, drift and placer mines,
Great pans and smelting kettles.

Boring, drilling, breaking ore,
Pumping, draining, crushing,
Quarrying and working stone,
Lixivation washing.
In short, when you have seen it all,
You'll understand it better—
Than from all reading you can do,
Though told you to the letter.

ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

VILLAGE OF IRISH INDUSTRIES—BLARNEY CASTLE—MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

The Administration Building is
The keystone of the whole;
Its height and grandeur of design
And beauty all extol.
Its frescoed walls and brilliant dome
Are dazzling to behold;
Its ceiling and its portals
Are burnished with pure gold.

One hundred and twenty feet across
Its mean diameter,
Its body octagon in form,
Its cost you may infer,
Its dome two hundred and seventy-feet,
Plus five, is seen to rise,
While a flood of light, through its apex,
Comes streaming from the skies.

On four corners are pavilions,
Just eighty-four feet square;
And these are just four stories high,
Upbuilded in the air.
Its colonades and balconies
O'erlook the lake below,
Where numerous boats of every style
Keep moving fast and slow.

ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

Electricity Building next we'll name,
With ten illumined towers,
With brilliant dome and cornice grand,
And its magnetic powers;
Its grand electrical displays,
Its dynamos and lamps,
Its curious machinery, too,
Its welding, forging stamps.

There's telephone appliances,
As well as phonograph,
There's dentistry and surgery,
And these are not one-half.
There's a model theatorium,
Where visitors may hear
Sweet music playing in New York,
Delightful to the ear.

All these, by electricity,
Are made to play their part;
The greatest motive power on earth—
Of science 'tis the heart.
A statue of Ben Franklin
Adorns the entrance grand;
He scans the sky for lightning,
With keys and kite in hand.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

His name's an inspiration,
Wherever heard or seen;
To scientific minds and thought,
His memory's always green.
He played with forked lightning,
He proved its wondrous power
To be electric fluid—
A science born that hour.

Which since has grown to such degree,
That men can now control
This great almighty unseen power
That flows from either pole.
It serves them now for motive power—
Machinery for to run;
And by its aid great lights are made
That imitate the sun.

MACHINERY HALL.

Machinery Hall we'll now inspect,
With its immense machines;
Its ponderous cranes to move them,
Its dynamos and screens;
This building is a marvel,
Its size gives it renown;
Just seventeen acres is required
On which to set it down.

'Tis filled with queer machinery,
Of every size and kind;
The largest engines in the world,
And boilers here you'll find.
Hydraulic and pneumatic power
Machinery here you'll see,
For working metals, making cloth,
As well as bread and tea.

For setting type and printing, too,
For binding books and all;
There's tools for every kind of art,
Both great as well as small.
Here all the nations of the earth
Display machines and art;
Their curious inventions
Of this show forms a part.

Twelve hundred thousand dollars
Was the cost of this great hall.
Which shortly must be taken down,
Although so large and tall.
'Twas built with iron and with steel,
So they might it remove;
By sections 'twill be shipped away—
New sites for to improve.

Huge images of bear and moose,
And buffalo you'll see;
With panther, deer and caribou,
As real as real can be.
These animals, so near extinct,
Are thus preserved by art,
As relics of our natural wealth,
Which shortly must depart.

LIVE STOCK PAVILION.

Then there's the great pavilion
Of live stock, next you'll see,
Surrounded with tiers of benches—
'Tis grand beyond degree.
Here fifteen thousand people
May sit and rest at ease,
While viewing nature's varied scenes,
Its animals and trees.

Its exteriors, staff and stucco,
Its iron roof, its strength,
Its interior and arena,
Four hundred feet in length.
With tiers of seats and balcony,
With stalls and all complete,
And just beneath the gallery
You'll see the judges' seat.

A grand display of live stock,
Of every class and kind,
Fine poultry, birds and insects;
Wild animals you'll find.
These form a part of our big show,
Which so attracts the world,
That every race and nation
Here their banners have unfurled.

In the rear of this pavilion
Is a typical loggers' camp,
With all its rustic beauty,
And men of back-woods stamp.
With huge loads of logs and lumber,
And mill in operation;
The greatest source of material wealth
That's found within our nation.

The famous battle rock mountain,
'Tis here they reproduce ,
The home of the cliff dwellers,
Who worshiped Manatoos.
The most ancient civilization
Of the American continent,
These long deserted dwellings
And relics represent.

DAIRY BUILDING.

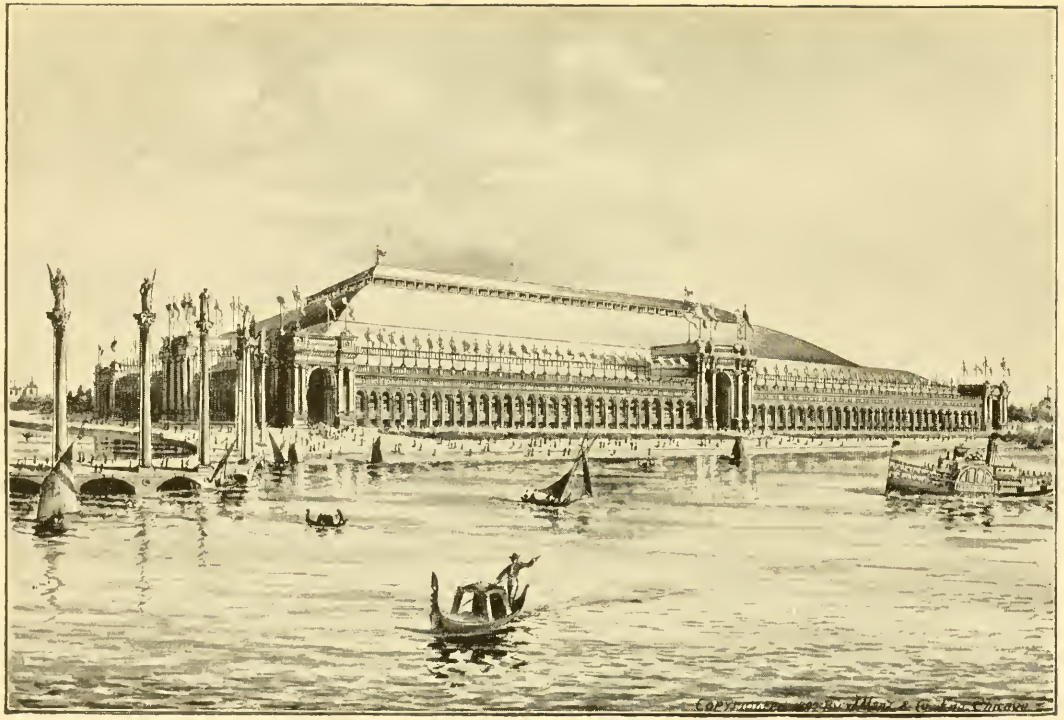
The Dairy Building is immense,
One by two hundred feet;
Just thirty thousand dollars,
Its cost when all complete.
'Tis here you see exhibits
From all countries of the world,
Their milk and cheese and butter,
And churns that must be whirled.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL BUILDING.

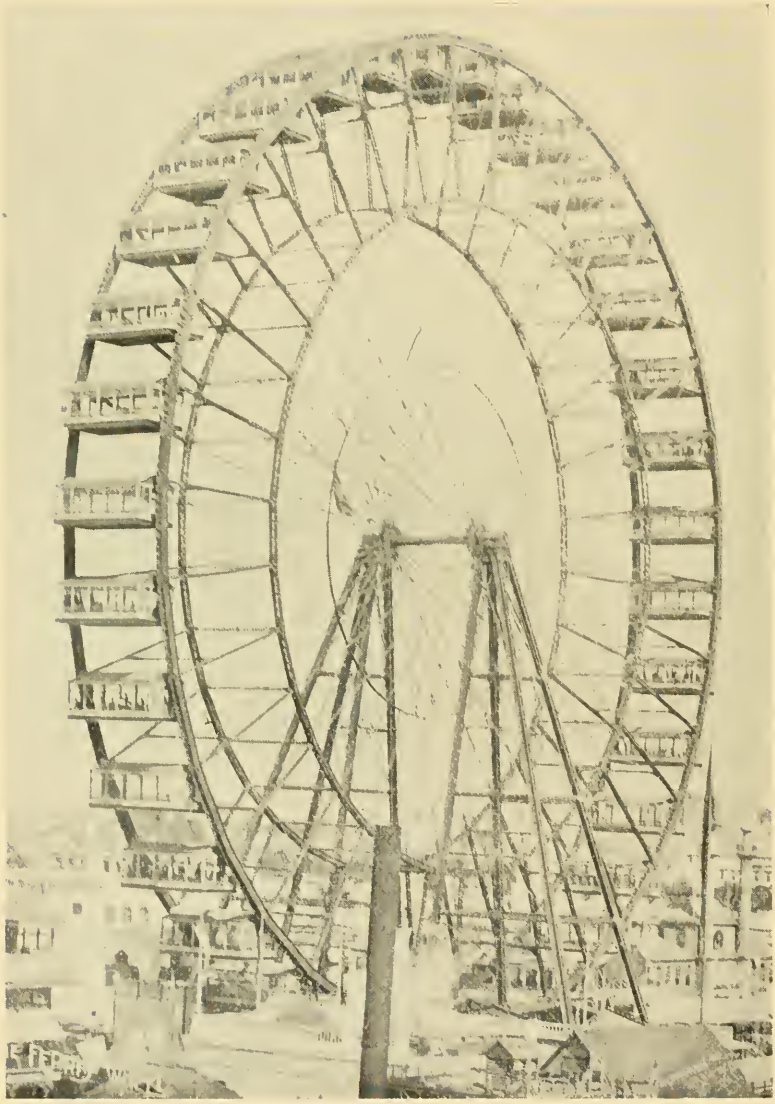
Anthropological Building
Is an interesting place;
Here man his works and relics—
Are given ample space.
Four hundred and fifty feet in length,
One twenty-five feet wide;
There's isles and galleries, offices,
And numerous rooms beside.

All filled with ancient relics
Of tribes that's passed away;
There's gods of old time heathen,
And godesses that's gay.
There's the Viking ship from Norway,
That wondrous ancient craft,
On which the hardy Northmen
Their daily bumpers quaffed.

Here Indians of every tribe,
From north, south, east and west—
According to their latitude,
Are shown as they were dressed.
The Esquimaux and Haida,
The Cree and Irequois;
The Chippewas, Sioux and Choctaws—
With all their beads and toys.



LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.



FERRIS WHEEL.

The Papagus, Coahuilas,
Miamies and Winnebagos;
Menominees and Cherokees,
Apaches and Navajos.
Mementoes here from Egypt,
And Palestine you'll see;
Likewise from the time of Cortez,
That age of barbarity.

A museum of ancient art,
And all that's quaint and queer,
You'll see within this building,
As grand as any here.

FORESTRY BUILDING.

The Forestry Building is unique—
'Tis the wonder of its kind;
No nails or metal in it used,
But only wood you'll find,
Five hundred and twenty-eight feet long,
Two hundred and eight feet wide;
Its famous colonade upheld
By pillars on each side.

These pillars came from various states,
And are great trunks of trees,
With bark all on, just branches off,
And these are grouped in threes.
Huge slabs of trees compose its walls,
From which the bark's removed;
The roof is thatched with various barks,
Its cornice laced and grooved.

Each pillar labeled with its name
And place where it was grown;
All kinds of timber, shrubs and plants
Inside its walls are shown.
Here can be seen the largest load
Of logs that ere was piled,
Upon a single vehicle—
Brought from the north woods wild.

The weight of this enormous load
Is three hundred thousand pound;
'Twas drawn by a span of horses—
For size and strength renowned.
The boots of Napoleon Bonaparte
Are here exhibited;
And those of Ivan, the terrible,
Who once was Russia's dread.

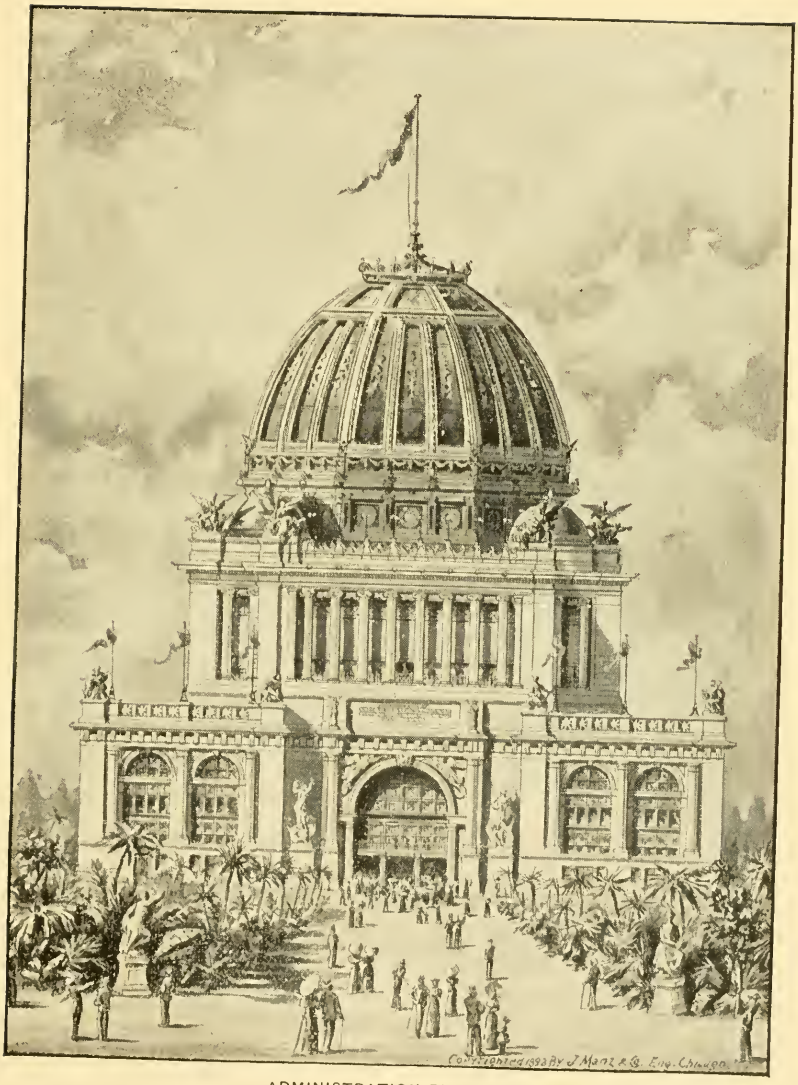
COLUMBUS BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Here the largest cannon ever cast—
By Herr Krupp is displayed;
Its weight one hundred and twenty tons,
Plus four, of finest grade.
Its length is eighty-seven feet,
Its bore two feet one inch;
Its balls so large that one discharge
Would make whole navies flinch.

The relics of Columbus
Are here for to be seen;
His portraits and mementoes
Of Isabèlle the Queen.
His boats and chart and armor,
His sword and all complete;
His books and map and statue,
His history here repeat.

The Agricultural Building
Is attractive as 'tis grand;
It fronts upon Lake Michigan,
With boats and cars at hand.
Its length is just eight hundred feet
And 'tis five hundred wide;
Each state a space is given
For farm products inside.

There's groups of statuary,
And Corinthian pillars high,
That adorn this sightly building—
All sunlit from the sky.
Its glittering dome is built of glass,
Which sheds light all around;
A farmer's paradise indeed,
With peace and plenty crowned.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

MACHINERY BUILDING.

LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

The building known as Liberal Arts
Is a marvelous creation;
'Tis the largest building ever roofed
By any race or nation.
A universe within itself,
Rectangular in form;
It requires a solar system
To light and keep it warm.

For magnitude and grandeur,
As well as fine displays,
It has no equal in the world—
All nations give it praise.
It covers thirty acres,
And seventeen million feet
Of various kinds of lumber,
Was used to it complete.

As well as fourteen million pounds
Of iron and of steel;
With forty car loads of fine glass—
A most stupendous deal.
One hundred and fifty feet its height,
From lowest floor to roof;
'Tis lighted with electric lamps,
Its beauty needs no proof.

Three hundred thousand people
Could be seated on its floors ;
Its halls are filled with sculpture grand,
And ponderous are its doors.
There's streets and aisles and avenues
That lead to every part ;
Grand galleries, promenades and courts,
Adorned with finest art.

An ornamental balcony
Surrounds the grand clock tower,
Whose dial, seventy feet above,
Tells you the day and hour.
A chime of bells with melody,
Delightful to the ear,
Are heard to ring within this tower,
Resounding far and near.

All nations here have grand displays
Of art and fabrics rare ;
Artistic paintings, pottery,
All add to our great fair.
The height of tower and promenade,
Two hundred and twenty feet,
Above Columbian avenue,
With beauty 'tis replete.

Four ponderous elevators run
Inside its walls so grand,
That carry people to its roof,
Where they may view the land.
The whole magnificent display
Of nature and of art,
Unfolds to view as you ascend—
Commencing from the start.

Lake Michigan from shore to shore,
The city, parks and all,
From top of building may be seen—
It is so large and tall.
On lake a fleet of white winged yachts
Keep gliding too and fro;
'Tis here you get the grandest view
Of our country and big show.

GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

The Government Building is superb,
Its domes its greatest boast;
Its decorations are immense—
There's scenes from every coast.
'Tis filled with curious specimens
Of every kind and class;
Of men and beasts, of fish and fowls,
As well as grain and grass.

SOLDIERS ON PARADE.

There's models of inventions
From the very first to last,
That ever has been made by man,
These strangely do contrast.
The arts of war may here be seen,
An army all of wax;
Its soldiers in their uniform
The visitor attracts.

There's colonels and major generals
On horses that look gay;
These life-like figures, guns and swords,
Here make a grand display.
The dome of this great building,
With old Babylon seems to vie;
One hundred and twenty feet across,
Two-twenty-five feet high.

HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

The Horticultural Building
For its purpose is complete;
Its dimensions are one thousand,
By two hundred and forty feet.
It stands near Wooded Island,
That wondrous fairy land,
Where flowers and ferns and trailing vines
Are seen on every hand.

Its lofty dome and spacious halls
Are filled with flowers most rare;
There's palms, bananas, figs and dates,
Transplanted with great care.
In short it is an Eden
Of cupids and of bowers;
A joyous feast of beauty,
Of sweet perfumes and flowers.

FISHERY BUILDING.

The Fishery Building is a place
That many thousands visit;
A very interesting show—
Its scenery is exquisite.
There's lovely pools all walled with stone,
Where fishes swim and play;
Huge catfish, sturgeon, bass and gar,
And speckled trout that's gay.

Here the voracious pickerel,
And lazy dogfish feeds ;
Here gold fish play and sport among
Aquatic plants and reeds.
Here fish from ocean, lake and stream,
Of every kind are found ;
Here turtles, eels and lobsters,
And water dogs abound.

'Tis here you'll see rare specimens
Of frogs and other creatures ;
Its fountains and hydraulic streams
Have interesting features.
There's fishing tackles of all kinds,
And boats that run with sails ;
There's specimens of sea monsters,
Of sharks as well as whales.

The dimensions of this building
Ere it is multiplied,
Is one thousand and one hundred feet.
By just two hundred wide.

WOMAN'S BUILDING.

The Woman's Building is a gem
Of most exceeding beauty,
Which to describe in poetry,
We deem a pleasing duty.
One feature of this building
Is its large and spacious hall;
Two hundred and fifty feet in length,
And sixty-four feet tall.

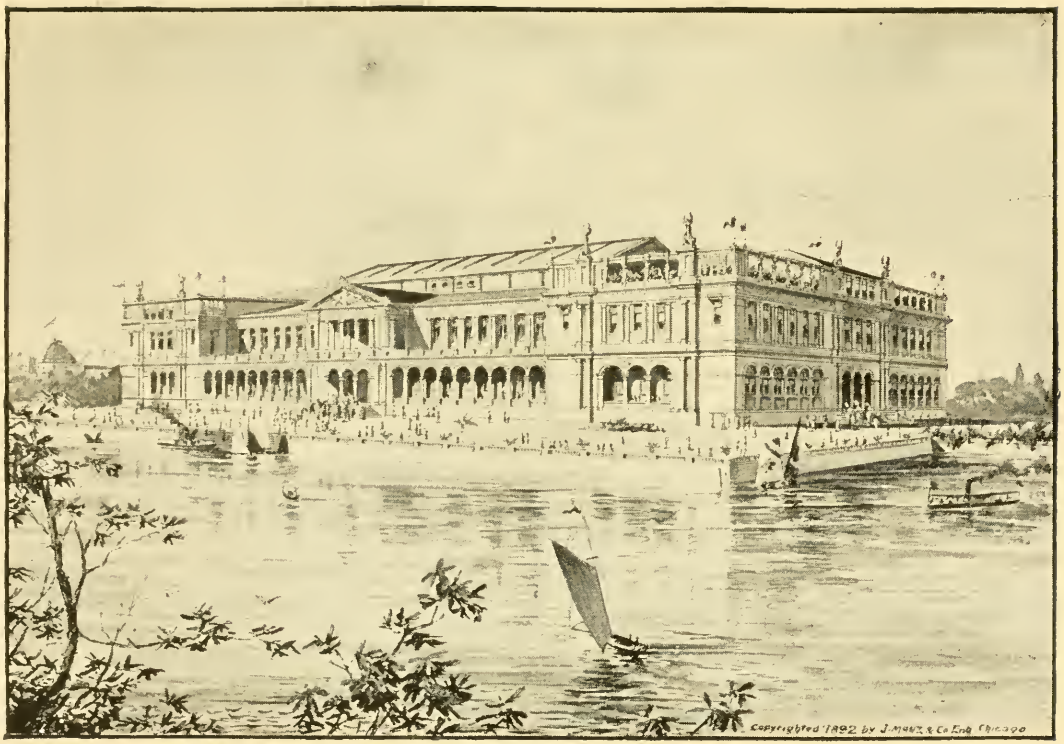
Its width just sixty-seven feet,
With rooms on every side;
This building is four hundred feet
By just two hundred wide.
Its skylight roof is so arranged
That sunbeams flit and play,
Upon its rosy tinted walls
And flowers the live long day.

There's waiting rooms and parlors,
With furniture that's grand;
Its toilet rooms and sofas
Are the finest in the land.
There's a lovely room all furnished
With a most complete library;
There's books and magazines and charts,
With music that is cheery.

The assembly room and gallery
Are ingeniously designed;
In association parlor
Headquarters you will find.
Here are the priceless laces
Of the Queen of Italy,
And the relics of Isabella,
The Queen of Spain you'll see.

There's exhibits here from Europe,
From Asia and Africa;
And Americas in this building
Have got a grand display.
'Tis adorned with small winged cupids,
And cherubs by the score;
With wreaths of flowers and garlands,
Till art can do no more.

Its paintings and its carvings
Were all done by the gentler sex,
Upon these dainty builders,
Great credit it reflects.
The success of this new enterprise,
To a very great extent,
Is due to its lady managers,
And their fair president.



WOMAN'S BUILDING.

GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

Here various states have buildings reared,
Most costly in design;
All filled with products of their own—
There's choice fruit and wine.
The foreign buildings are a sight—
Magnificent to see;
East India buildings where you get
The most delicious tea.

But Midway Plaisance is the place
For sports of every kind;
For jugglers, acrobats and clowns,
And readers of the mind.
Here blowing, spinning, weaving glass
Is shown to great perfection,
And many other curious arts
You'll see in this connection.

Here villages of foreign tribes
And nations may be seen;
Their modes of living, dress and all,
From peasant up to queen.
There's curious temples, mosques and towers,
Where idols are adored;
Roof gardens, cafes and theaters,
Amusements here afford.

WILLIAM CODY (BUFFALO BILL.)

There's shows, menageries, great and small,
That do their very best;
But if you want to see a crowd,
Just visit the "Wild West."
Where Bill Cody and his Ingins
Display their wondrous skill,
In riding, shooting, fighting,
Or anything you will.

The Ferris wheel's a wonder
To all who've seen it run ;
To ride in its dainty coaches,
Some people think it fun.
'Tis hung between two stately towers,
And there is room to seat
More than two thousand people,
In its coaches, all complete.

Two hundred and sixty feet, plus four,
The height of this great wheel ;
Its coaches twenty-seven feet long—
It turns just like a reel.
All we've described, and vastly more,
In our big show you'll find.
A Worlds Fair ! it was truly named—
For such it was designed.

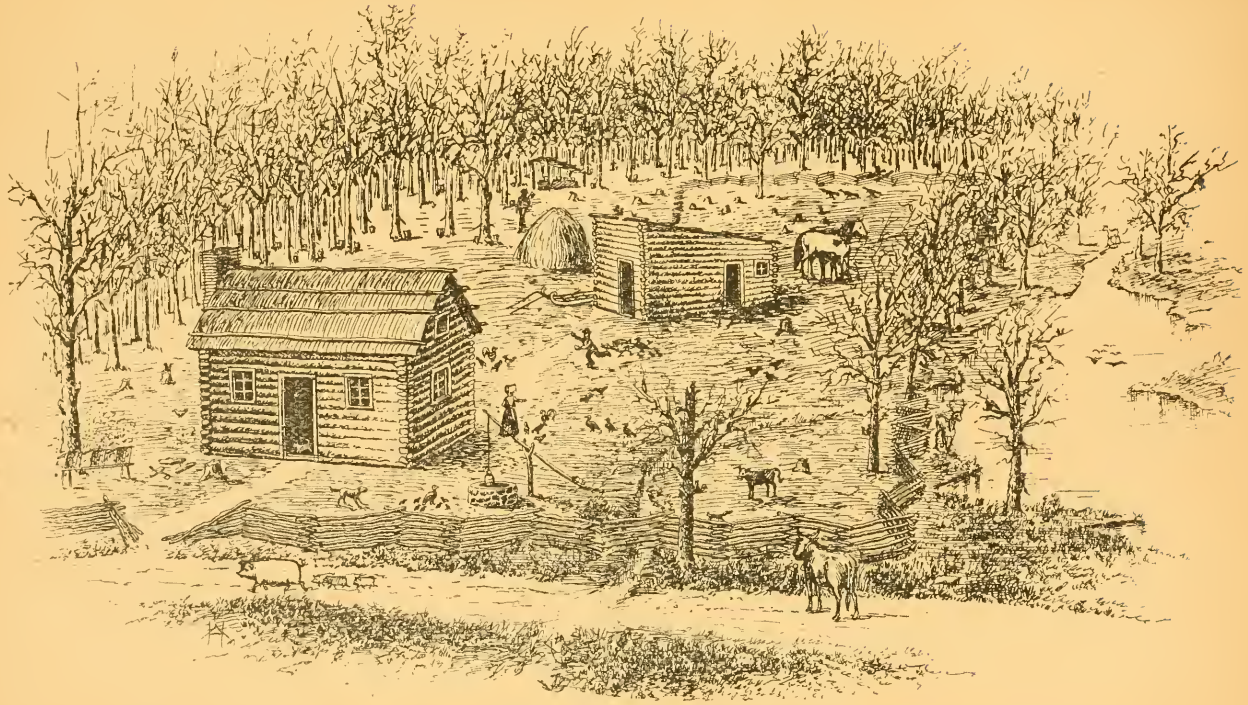
At the city of Chicago
This wondrous fair was planned.
The site they chose was Jackson Park,
The finest in the land.
Near eight hundred thousand people,
In one vast grand parade—
Our Columbian Celebration
Throws all others in the shade.

The Woes of a Kid.

When but a wee sprout I was carried about,
And received of the tinderest care,
Me mither she fed and put me to bed,
And I always had something to wear.
But when I could talk they said I must walk,
And then all me trouble began;
To think what I did when I was a kid,
'Tis a wonder I grew to a man.

When first I could run I thought I'd have fun,
And began for to tase the auld goose;
I snatched up a gosling without ever pausing
To think the auld gander was loose.
O! hedges and ditches in the sate of me britches,
He nabbed me in a most tinder spot;
He chewed and he thoomped, I yelled and I joomped,
Till me mither came out on the trot.

She made me skedaddle right hame wid a paddle,
And she lathered me every joomp;
On raching the shanty its sure I'd a planty,
And I sat me right down on a stoomp.
Shure I've traveled a host, been chased by a ghost,
Been frightened by geni and men,
But of all the alarments, the worst of all varments,
I've found is an auld setten hen.



BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD HOME OF AUTHOR (SKETCHED BY HIMSELF TO ILLUSTRATE THE PRECEDING POEM.)

Ingratitude.

Ingratitude! thou art the enemy of human joy,
Thy fiery dagger doth the soul assassinate;
Thou art the source, the cause of darkest sins;
Thy selfish spirit doth most horrid wars create.
Thou art a vulture, vile, who doth devour
The vitals of poor innocence and peace;
Of shame and conscience thou art destitute—
From such a fiend death gives a sweet release.

Ingratitude! thou fell destroyer of all kindred ties;
Thou ravening wolf, whose prey is soul affection—
Of charity and purest love thou art the slayer;
Thou needst not think thou canst escape detection,
For death ere long will find thee out.
Thy poisoned arrows cannot penetrate the grave;
The victims of thy greed will soon be free—
From thee one power alone can save.

Ingratitude! thou art a subtle, vile and cruel monster;
Thy poisoned fangs have pierced a million hearts,
Whose writhing agonies attest thy cursed power
To cause most cruel, secret wounds and direst smarts.
Thou art a deadly, secret foe, a would-be moral pirate,
Clothed in the garb of truth, disguised as christian,
Yet known to men to be naught else but knave—
For of thy motive there can be no question.

Ingratitude! thou wary imp of malice and deception,
How oft hast thou deceived poor mortals to their ruin,
By blotting from their memories all good deeds,
Whilst all that's evil thou dost keep a brewing?
Thou vile, contemptious, mischief-making spirit,
Thou dost not know a friend, much less a brother;
Thy name thou dost most justly merit,
We would not, could not call thee by another.

Ingratitude! wilt thou thy blighting curse continue?
How long shall mortals writhe beneath thy frown?
Hast thou no conscience, shame nor pity?
Dost thou not know that death will cut thee down?
Ere long thou shalt not be—
Thy name shalt never have a resurrection;
The grave is where thou shalt be left to rot,
Thou hateful, vile affection.

There's Room at the Top.

There's room at the top for all who may climb
To the peak of the mountain of fame,
But the top of the peak no mortal may seek,
This life is too short for such aim.
No matter how fast or how far you may go,
There's many that's still in advance;
Eternal progression keeps up the procession,
Push on you shall have a fair chance.

There's room at the top if you only get there,
But do not forget what I say;
You'll never succeed unless you take heed,
To all good advice by the way.
Take all good advice no matter who gives it,
Nor get in what fashion or way,
Whether friends or foes don't turn up your nose,
And you'll learn something new every day.

There's room at the top for all who have genius;
For poets are born and not made;
Though the world's full of rhyming and bells that keep chiming,
Real muses need not be afraid.
Without inspiration poetic effusion
Is senseless and vague as a whole;
For rhyme without spirit is a thing without merit,
Like a body that ne're had a soul.

There's room at the top for all the world's poets—
Such men as a Milton or Burns;
But you'll never get there by filling with air,
'Tis wisdom that gives sure returns.
For each one and all are born without knowledge—
Hence all that you know you must learn;
Then beware how you learn it and be sure you discern it,
There's a right way and wrong at each turn.

A Small Boy's Experience.

When but a small boy it was my great joy
To travel around on my knees—
Make crickets to dance, wear holes in my pants,
To catch and to hive bumble bees.
I went to the meadow one day for to play,
And spied there a bumble bees' nest;
I felt, O! so funny, and thought I'd have honey,
And now you can guess all the rest.

Said I, mister bee, I am going to see
If your honey is bitter or sweet;
Said he, mister boy, do not me annoy,
Or I'll soon take away your conceit.
But I gave him a prod with a bit of a rod,
And ran like the wind for a brook;
But ere I could dive here came the whole hive,
Each gave me a pop and a look.

I began for to yell, and headlong I fell,
Down into the water and mud;
It frightened the frogs and the poor polly wogs,
And away to deep water they scud.
But yell as you please there's no frighten to bees—
They'll settle right down on your mug;
Keep popping away and the more that you say,
The closer your ears they will hug.

And now if you're funny and looking for honey,
Just take my advice if you please;
Go where there is snakes or pocket hot cakes,
But never go near bumble bees.

Ode to a Humming Bird.

Thou tiny bird, with plumage so exquisitely designed;
With slender beak so delicate, and fairy wings;
With eyes that sparkle like the dew drops on the snowy pink,
From which thou dost delight to sip the sweetest things.
Thou art the fairest among birds.
Thy lot is innocence and joy;
Thy flight like sunbeams from the morning sky—
Thou art a shining mark for truant boy.

Thou tiny bird, with crimson throat,
Arrayed in emerald and gold,
Thou art a living gem of most exquisite beauty—
So free from care thy happiness untold.
Thy tiny nest, the lady slipper's dainty cup,
Where thou dost rear thy young,
Amid its shining petals, guarded by touchmenots,
Where roses wild doth creep the grass among.

Thou tiny bird, with feet so delicate,
Thy home, the palace garden with its bowers;
Thy resting place, the morning glory,
With bee-like tongue extracting nectar from its flowers.
Mortals well might envy thee thy eden home,
For thou hast kept thy first estate.
Sinless and pure as when thou wast created,
Thou wast not driven out the gate.

Thou tiny bird, with hum so sweet,
Who gave thee thy preeminence o'er me,
And made thee in a manner so lovely and complete,
That nature all thy wants supply without a plea?
So very small, and yet the beauty of perfection;
No evil thought has ever crossed thy mind.
None but the infinite in wisdom and in power
Couldst ever have thee so designed.

PARROT.

Ode to a Parrot.

Thou restless, vain and saucy bird,
Thou art a mystery to thyself;
At times so very grave and sober,
And then again a most mischievous elf.
Thy shrill mysterious voice, so like the human,
The very elect might well deceive,
When listening to thy calls for polly's breakfast,
My ears I scarcely can believe.

Thy matchless imitative power excels all others.
No creature living but what thou can'st impersonate;
What vivid thought and fine imagination,
As well as power to love and hate.
Art thou endowed with reason,
And dost thou comprehend the object of thy being?
Dost thou know and understand thy speeches?
Or merely echo sounds to such agreeing.

O! thou mysterious bird,
So prone to tricks as well as boisterous talking;
Tell me from whence thou dost derive these powers,
And why thou so delightst in mocking.
Thou awe inspiring creature,
So clumsy, yet most gaudily attired;
Hast thou a passion for gay colors,
And dost thou really love to be admired?

Hast thou a soul for music,
And must thou learn thy tune and time—
Or dost some unseen power thy notes inspire,
Giving to each their perfect chord and chime?
How dost thou without flute or fife,
Or even human lips,
Learn to whistle Yankee-doodle
Without making any skips?

We would call thee a philosopher,
If learning made one wise;
But such is really not the case
As foolish birds surmise.
With all thy talk and learning
Thou art nothing but a parrot;
What hast thou done to prove thy worth,
Or a better title merit?

The Christmas Tree.

A Merry Christmas to you all,
Said Santa Claus one night,
As he came in at the kitchen door
With an air of strange delight,
All loaded down with presents—
Doll babies and such things;
With a great big pack upon his back,
All toggled up with strings.

And marching up to the Christmas tree
He gave himself a shake,
And the way its branches drooped with toys,
We thought the limbs would break.
Here's a top and skates and candy shoes,
And a sled for Master Roy;
For as you know, said Santa Claus,
He's been a real good boy.

And here's a doll, a hood and shawl,
For little Alice May;
For as you know, said Santa Claus,
She's always kind in play.
She's neat and clean wherever seen,
And a baby's her delight;
And when she's dishes for to wash
She always does them right.

But there is Bill, go where he will,
Is always playing smash;
And lazy Joe, as you all know,
Is fond of reading trash.
So here's a Christmas gift for each,
According to his like;
A trashy book for lazy Joe—
For Bill a hammer and pike.

And now, dear children, one and all,
A Merry Christmas day;
I wish each boy and girl to-night—
Forget not what I say.
'Tis deed not creed that measures worth,
A joke's just as you take it;
'Tis what we think and do shapes life,
The world is what we make it.

But I must bid you all good-night,
Said Santa—then he broke
And up the chimney quickly flew,
And vanished with the smoke.
And since that Christmas Eve I've learned,
It pays to be polite;
To cherish only purest thoughts,
And always do the right.

Song Entitled "My Bonny Wee Lass."

TUNE—"MY BONNY BLACK BESS."

When loved ones and fortune
Had quit my abode,
And friends proved unfaithful,
I took to the road;
My heart, O! how lonely,
Yet, naught could surpass
The love that I bore thee,
My bonny, wee lass.

Your eyes were like diamonds,
So sparkling and bright,
Your hair, it was golden,
With ringlets of light;
Your cheeks were like roses,
Your lips did surpass
The purest of rubies,
My bonny, wee lass.

Your feet were so nimble,
Your steps were so light,
Your hands were so dimple,
So lovely and white,
Your voice was so plaintive,
'Twould greatly surpass,
The bleating of lambkins,
My bonny, wee lass.

Though an orphan and stranger,
Your face was so fair,
Your eyes so enchanting,
So golden your hair,
That each queenly maiden,
That near you did pass,
Would stoop to caress you,
My bonny, wee lass.

What anguish of spirit,
And grief filled my heart,
To think that from you
I was forced to depart;
There's none but a mother,
Whose love could surpass
The affection I bore you,
My bonny, wee lass.

But your ways were so winsome,
Of friends you'd a score,
You never knew want,
Although you were poor.
You were fostered by friends,
And your joys did surpass
Most other poor orphans,
My bonny, wee lass.

My years, they are fleeting,
I'm nearly three score,
Remember your father,
How he did you adore;
You are now in your prime,
And your comforts surpass,
Full many fair maiden's,
My bonny, wee lass.

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NOTE.—The above song is dedicated to the Author's youngest daughter, Mrs. D. M. Allen, of Glendale, Mich., who was left an orphan by the death of her mother when only one year old.

Song Entitled "Good Advice."

TUNE—"WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY."

I've traveled this wide world all over,
I've dined with the rich and the poor,
I've learned of the wise and the foolish,
Of knowledge, I have quite a store.
I've listened to heavenly music,
Been enchanted with beauty and song,
But if you want lasting enjoyment,
Be sure you do right and not wrong.

I've listened to childhood's gay prattle,
To the moans of the suffering and sad;
I've been with the sick and the dying,
I've learned of both living and dead;
And one thing I well can assure you,
No matter where'ere you belong,
If you value real peace and enjoyment,
Be sure you are right and not wrong.

I've met with the proud and the scornful,
Who turned from the poor in disdain,
Forgetting that they too were mortal—
That wealth without conscience is vain;
For death is a great equalizer,
His demands we must all meet ere long;
He'll strip us of all our disguises
And expose all that's right and that's wrong.

I've traveled o'er mountain and hill-top,
I've wandered o'er meadow and plain;
I've sought everywhere for true wisdom,
The mysteries of life to explain.
Yet, only one thing I know certain,
And that is the theme of my song;
If you ever want perfect enjoyment,
You must right all you've ever made wrong.

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Evidences of Infinite Mind and Design in Nature.

All earthly forms reflect the thoughts
Of him who them designed;
The architect of worlds has shown
Through these to us his mind.
The pure, the good, the beautiful,
Reflected everywhere,
Through nature's eyes in earth and seas,
Through rose and lily fair.

The birds, the bees, the budding trees,
The brooks and bubbling springs;
The leafy groves and pastures green,
All speak of unseen things.
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar,
The rainbow in the skies;
The breeze that fans the heated land,
All teach us God is wise.

The gold and silver in the mine,
The diamond and the pearl;
The ox, the horse, the sheep and cow,
The dog, the cat and squirrel;
The peach, the pear, the grape and prune,
Wheat, corn and other food;
The apple, fig and olive tree
Declare that God is good.

The Tobacco Habit.

The tobacco habit seems a craze—
That's equally contagious
As yellow jack or small pox,
And I really think outrageous.
For this dreadful filthy custom
To white men ne're was known,
Until Columbus found this weed
Which Indians here had grown.

The Spaniards were the first to use
This filthy, noxious plant;
They learned it from the natives
Of America, says Brant.
They thought it nice to imitate
A wild and savage heathen;
To smoke a pipe, to spit and drule,
And steam like pots a seathing.

This foolish idle custom
Soon spread o'er all the land ;
Though 'twas a heathen practice,
'Tis now the Christian's ban.
For white men do not only smoke,
But chew this weed as well ;
Though its poison muddles up their brains
And gives them a horrid smell.

But the time will come when common sense
And reason's chiding voice
Will aid a grand intelligence—
To make a better choice.
Then men and women will abhor
All such degrading vice ;
They'll no more use this filthy weed—
Though now they think it nice.

The Laws of Transformation.

The laws of transformation
Are wondrous to relate;
The effect of many causes
Determines every fate.
There's no effect without a cause,
And every change that's made—
In man as well as nature,
Depends upon their aid.

The laws of God in nature
Have such transforming power;
The base, the filthy and unclean
Are changed to good each hour;
And there is no material
So worthless or so vile,
But what dame nature does employ
In making earth to smile.

Death quickens life, night blesses day,
From trials triumphs spring ;
There's nothing worthless as may seem—
There's use for everything.
Our greatest gain oft comes through loss,
Our sweetest joys through pain ;
'Tis toil adds sweetness to our bread,
And clouds that bring us rain.

Sin.

Sin, 'tis a vile and deadly thing,
The mother of all earthly woes;
It breeds a hell in every heart,
And spreads destruction where it goes.
It first deceives and then enslaves
Its victims by its subtle power;
Inflames their passions and their minds
Until each other they devour.

The beasts without a conscience left,
With only instinct knows not God;
His laws they cannot comprehend,
And must be taught to fear the rod.
But man with conscience and with soul,
Through powers of inspiration given,
Can understand the laws of God,
And know His love, the joy of heaven.

His God-like powers of will and mind
Are given him to use with care;
All evil is perverted good—
Abuse, not use, breeds ill, beware!

Mental Reflections.

BY ULYSSES BOAZE, DECEASED, BROTHER OF AUTHOR.

My mind is not contented,
But is wandering everywhere;
Thinking of the past and present,
And the future bright and fair.
Thinking of the time when causes
Were to me unknown.
But in after years how different,
When we have to manhood grown.

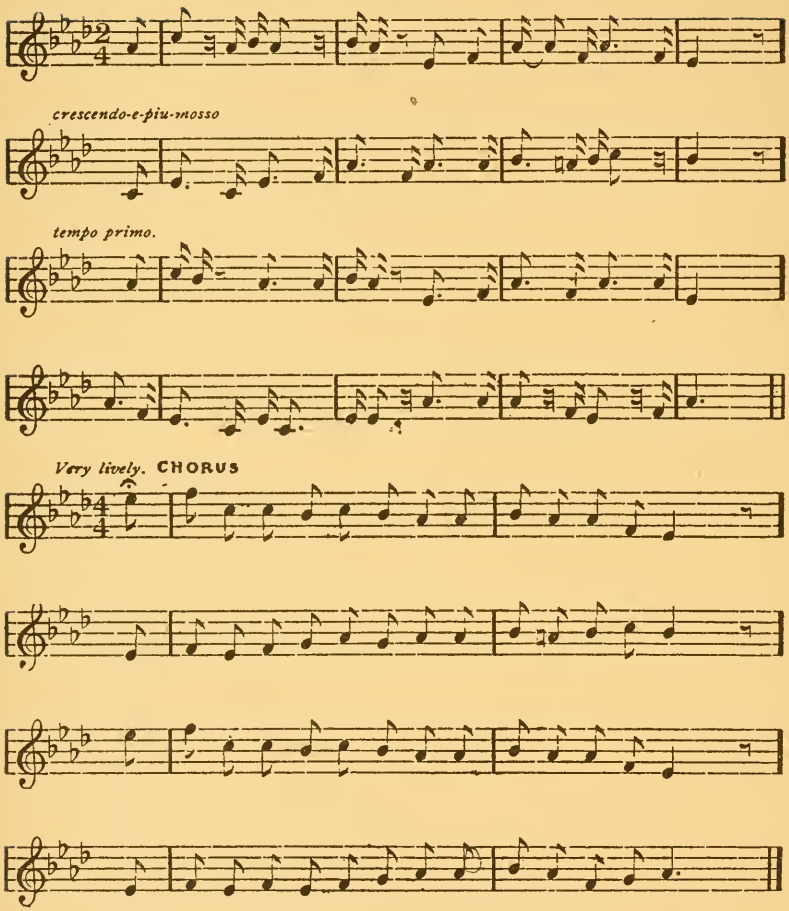
Now the mind is so expanded
That we see and understand
Many objects, things and persons—
Reason's now at our command.
Change is the effect of causes.
Age developes mind and thought.
Pain is the effect of sinning.
Life's with many dangers fraught.

O! the happy scenes of childhood,
That in memory I have kept;
And in thinking of these moments,
Many times I've sat and wept.
Youth's our seed time, let us heed it,
For we'll reap just what we sow.
Seeds of life are so constructed,
Bad as well as good will grow.

And with us 'twill be far better,
When our work's done here below,
And our reaping time comes fully,
If the good alone we sow.

The Happiest Man on Earth.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. BOAZE.



My friends I'm one-and-sixty, but I'm going to take a wife.
For there's no happiness on earth that equals married life.
A garden, farm and cottage of your own, and children three,
With a kind and loving woman and a baby on your knee.

CHORUS.

O ! if I were a bachelor I'd travel to the moon,
But what I'd find some dear old maid who'd marry me right soon.
I'd rather sail an air ship and be drowned in the seas,
Than live and die a bachelor, let folks say what they please.

I'd rather be a married man than be the king of France ;
Without a woman for to wash or patch my Sunday pants.
For me there is no music half so sweet as baby voice ;
And there's nothing so delightful as the woman of your choice.

I'd rather be a peasant with a cottage in the pines,
And support a dozen children, all by working in the mines,
Than be the Czar of Russia with a castle and a crown,
Without a wife and baby to share in my renown.

I'd rather live in Ireland, with Biddie and the boy,
Than be a prince or president in government employ,
Without a woman for to love or children to embrace ;
For a home without a mother is a lonesome dwelling place.

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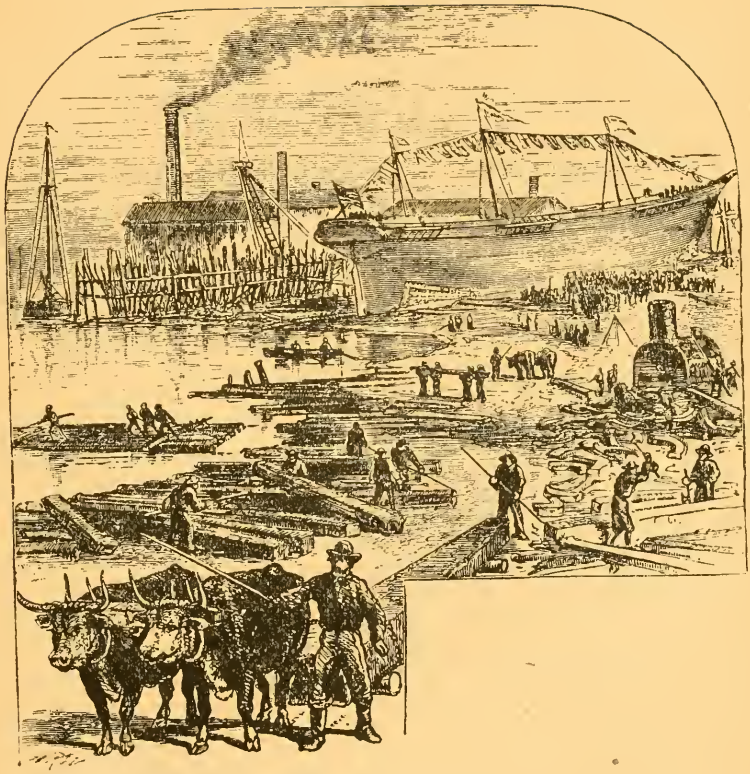
Romantic History of States.

MAINE.

The State of Maine, so much renowned,
The Pine Tree State we call;
Her climate's very healthful,
Her commerce is not small.
She's noted for her lumber,
Ship building and for ice;
Her lakes are most magnificent,
Her harbors they are nice.

Her springs, creeks and her rivers,
Are full of lovely fish;
Her speckled trout and grayling
Are as fine as you could wish.
Her codfish cannot be excelled,
Her fisheries are immense;
Her springs and fountains are superb—
Likewise her coast defense.



SHIP YARD AND CREW.

Her mills and factories are a source
Of income that is great;
Her sea coast is most lovely,
And valuable her freight.
Her forests are the finest out,
Her pines are large and tall;
Her spruce and hemlock grow so dense,
They've scarcely room to fall.

Here bucks and does, a paradise,
Enjoy the whole year round;
'Tis here you see the spotted fawn,
And rabbit on the bound.
The spruce hen and the partridge
Here found a safe retreat;
Her delicious whortle berries
Are very hard to beat.

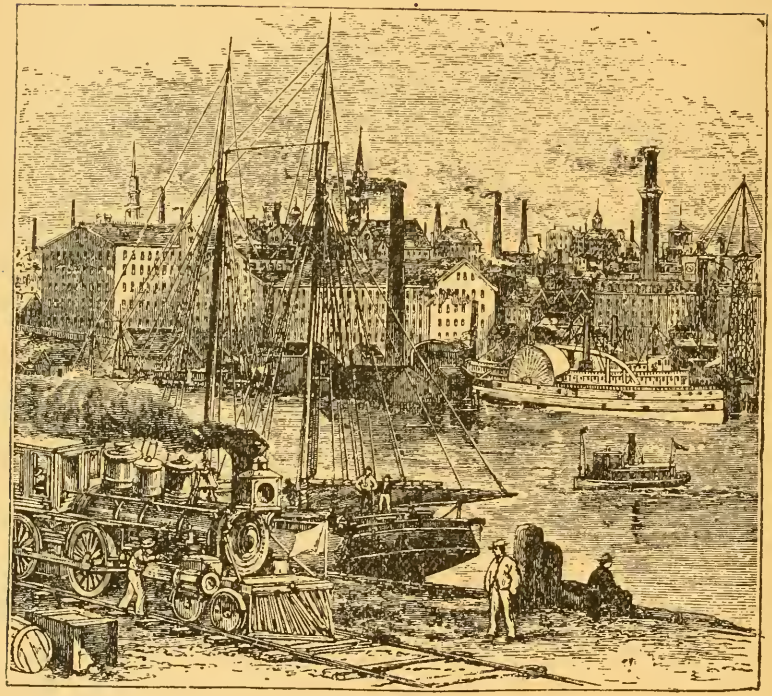
Her logging camps are numerous,
Her lumbermen are shrewd;
Her shanty boys are hustlers,
Much timber they have hewed.
Here oxen grow so large and strong,
They scarcely can be stalled,
And 'tis a wondrous sight to see
The loads of logs they've hauled.

VERMONT.

The state of old Vermont we call
The famous old green mountain.
Not many cottages you'll see
Without a spring or fountain.
Here marble, slate and soap stone
Are found most plentifully.
Her mountains green, for aye are seen ;
They're lovely as can be.

Her flocks and herds roam o'er the hills,
And feed in pastures green.
Her sheep for mutton can't be beat,
They are so nice and clean.
Her natural wealth's abundant,
Her climate's nice and cool,
Her peas and her potatoes
Are excellent, as a rule.

Her poultry is most highly prized,
Her garden truck is fine,
Her fruit is most delightful,
Grown on the pumpkin vine.
Her lovely hills and valleys,
With timber was o'ergrown.
But ere the soil they till or sow,
They must remove the stone.



MANUFACTURING CITY.

But no matter for these draw-backs,
Her wealth it is untold;
For as you've heard, the Yankee touch
Will turn e'en stones to gold.

MASSACHUSETTS.

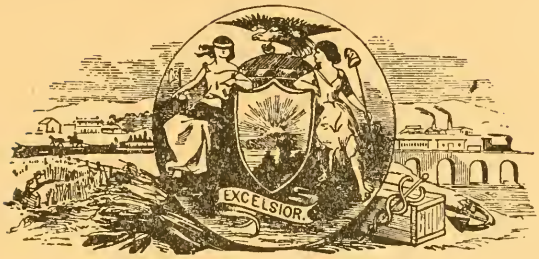
Our grand old Massachusetts,
The bay state we do call;
She was settled by the pilgrims,
Who landed in the fall,
At the place they now call Plymouth,
Near three hundred years ago;
And here these people did remain
In spite of wind and snow.

Her capes and bays and harbors
Are as lovely as can be;
Her fisheries they are immense—
She borders on the sea.
For catching whales she does excel
All countries of the world;
Her cotton mills are hummers,
Their spindles long have whirled.

Her summers are delightful,
Her autumns can't be beat.
Although 'tis cold in winter,
Her climate's most complete.
Her soil is quite productive,
Her flocks and herds are fine,
Her commerce is extensive,
She'd hemlock, spruce and pine.

She's third in manufacture,
As compared with sister states,
And first in education ;
For music, high she rates.
For wealth and population
Her superior's hard to find,
For a state of her dimensions
She's progressively inclined.

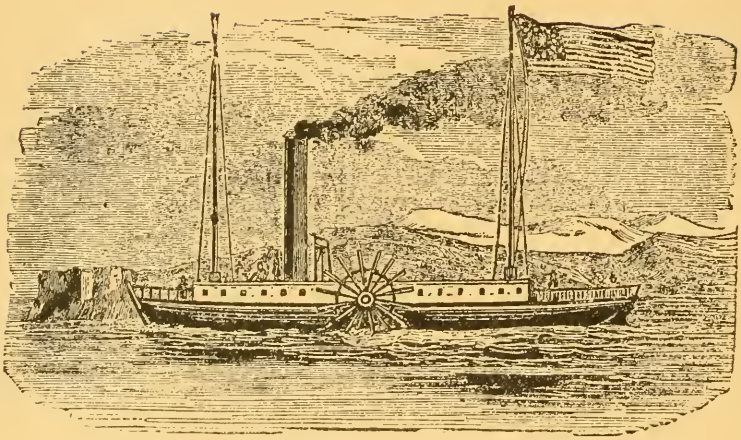
Here was fought the opening battle
Of the American revolution ;
The result of that famous tea party,
Of Bostonian institution.
'Twas here the Indian hunter
Once chased the nimble deer,
And here the bear and bob cat
Once lived without a fear.



NEW YORK STATE.

New York we call the Empire State—
For wealth she is renowned;
For commerce and population
She exceeds all others round.
Her rivers and her forests
Are lovely to behold;
Her climate it is healthful,
Though in winter it is cold.

Her lovely lakes and islands,
And Niagara Falls are grand;
Her water power is known to be
The greatest in the land.
She has natural wealth and beauty,
And advantages a host;
Her harbors are the finest known
On the Atlantic coast.

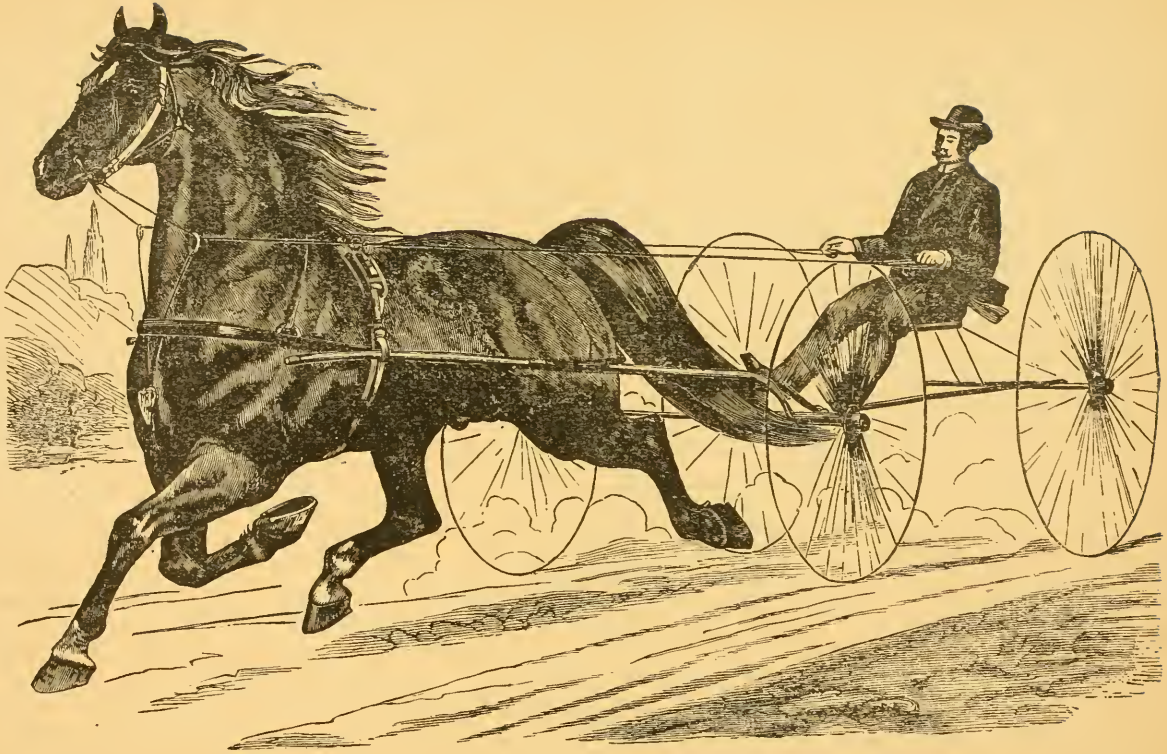


SCENE ON THE HUDSON RIVER IN 1807—FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

Her salt mines are magnificent,
Her dairies very fine ;
Her cattle, sheep and horses
On clover pastures dine.
Her mills and factories are a source
Of wealth that is immense ;
Her shipping trade's enormous,
Her forts are for defense.

PEACOCK.

For fruit and fowls she's hard to beat,
Her trotting stock is gay;
Her turkey gobblers are a sight,
Her peacocks love display.
Her mountains and her valleys,
They are the finest out;
Her lovely springs and brooklets
Are full of speckled trout.



TROTTING HORSE IN TRAINING.

In short, she is a paradise,
For apples and for pears,
Potatoes, wheat and pumpkins,
For nurseries and for fairs.
The hills of Adirondack
Are the hunters' great resort;
Here the bear grows fat on berries,
And the roe bucks run and snort.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The state of Pennsylvania,
The Keystone we do call;
Her mountain peaks and ridges
Are grand as well as tall.
Her forests and her coal mines,
And climate's hard to beat;
Her fertile soil is just the thing
For growing corn and wheat.

Her bays and harbors are superb,
Her mills and factories grand;
Her commerce is extensive,
Great wealth she does command.
Her cattle, sheep and horses
With any will compare;
Her fruit and poultry's very fine,
Her farms have greatest care.

MINING SCENE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Her rivers, creeks and valleys,
And bubbling springs are nice;
'Twas here the old time hunter
Enjoyed his paradise.
Here bruin ate his chestnuts,
And took his noon-day nap,
Forgetful of his danger
From hunters, gun and trap.

Here bucks, with lofty antlers,
Marched down in single file,
To taste the ancient salt lick,
Yet watchful all the while.
The timid doe and playful fawn
Here found a safe retreat,
On sunny slopes and ridges,
Ne'er trod by white men's feet.

'Twas here the lucky squatter,
And poor man first struck oil;
Here lived the gay wood chopper
Upon his daily toil.
Here the Indian built his wigwam
Near some delightful stream,
And the hunter had "buck ager"
When he heard the panther scream.

But now instead of panthers
And wild and savage men,
The school bell is heard ringing
All o'er the land of Penn.

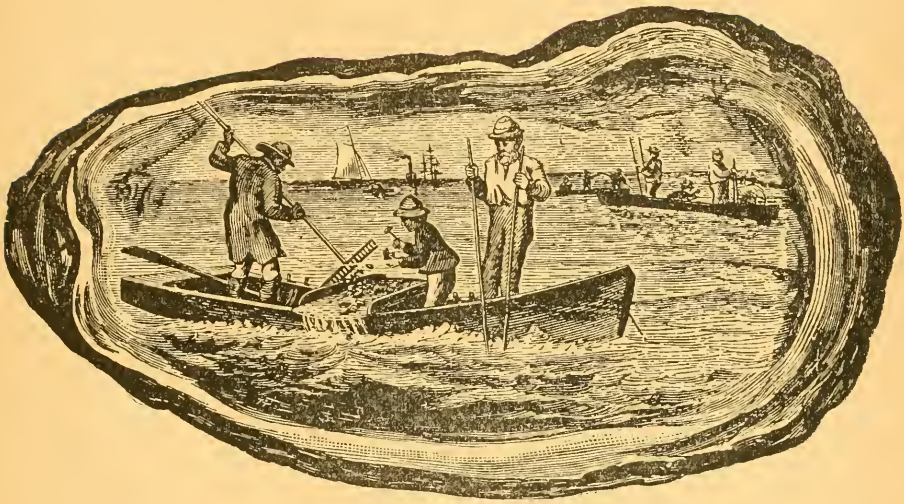
SCHOOL CHILDREN TAKING RECESS.

VIRGINIA.

The State of Old Virginia
Is the mother of Presidents;
'Twas here the first white settlement
Of our country did commence.
Her valleys, rich in pasturage,
Are lovely to behold;
Her climate is salubrious,
'Tis neither hot nor cold.

Her Natural Bridge with massive arch,
All formed of solid stone,
Is one of the wonders of the world—
By nature formed and grown.
Her oyster beds are valuable,
Her garden truck is grand;
Her golden leaf tobacco
Is always in demand.

Her numerous creeks and rivers
Were well supplied with fish;
Her lovely bays and harbors
Are as fine as you could wish.
Her mineral wealth's abundant,
She has no lack of stone;
In her great Virginia valley
The finest corn is grown.



OYSTER FISHING ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.

Her lofty hills and mountains
Are deserving of their fame;
'Twas here the savage Indian
His prisoners burned with flame.
Here roamed the turkey gobbler,
The raccoon and the bear,
The deer, wild cat and panther—
All came in for a share.

The 'possum and the rattle snake,
Here den up in the ground;
The red bird and the bob white,
Most plentifully abound.
The whipporwill and mocking bird,
Here sing the live long night,
And the luscious watermelon
Is the tucky-hoe's delight.

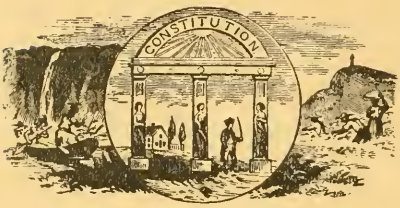
NORTH CAROLINA.

The State of North Carolina
Is grand as grand can be;
Her climate is delightful,
She borders on the sea.
Her mountain springs and brooklets,
And rivers are superb;
Her bays and capes are lovely—
No winds can them disturb.

Her mountains and her ridges
Are a sight for to behold;
Here the deer, the bear and turkey
Roam gaily as of old.
Her fertile valleys and her hills
Produce both grass and grain,
And from her center to the coast
A sandy, level plain.

COTTON PICKING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Here rice and sweet potatoes
Grow most luxuriently;
Her corn, as well as cotton fields,
Are lovely sights to see.
'Tis here you find great forests
Of the wondrous rosin pine,
That yields both tar and lumber,
As well as turpentine.



GEORGIA.

The grand old State of Georgia,
With her delightful coast,
Just bordering on the ocean,
Was once the hunter's boast.
Her mountain slopes and valleys,
With timber was o'er grown;
Here the deer, the bear and turkey
Have always held their own.

Her climate is delightful,
Her soil's the very best;
For large, delicious melons,
She surpasses all the rest.
The home of the sweet potato,
The cotton plant and corn;
Where the raccoon and the 'possum
They never look forlorn.

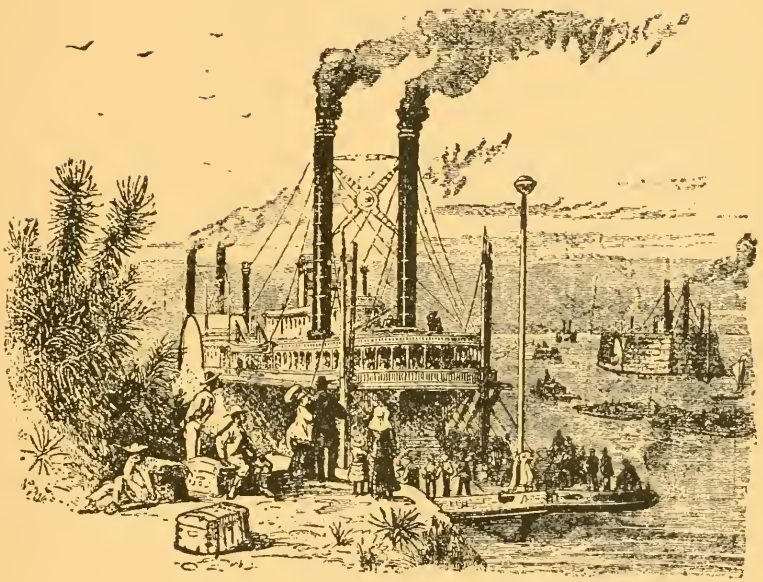
BIRD'S NEST AND EGGS.

Her rivers and her harbors
Are as fine as can be found;
Her groves with feathered songsters,
And mocking birds abound.
Here the Indian held his war dance,
And played with his pappoose,
While from his belt hung many scalps
Of white men dangling loose.

Here once the savage war whoop
The settlers' blood did chill,
And many a pale face prisoner's voice
The tomahawk did still.

TENNESSEE.

Old Tennessee is hard to beat
For cotton and for corn;
The chestnut and the oak tree,
Her lovely hills adorn.
Her grand old rivers carry
Hugh boats propelled by steam;
Her climate is most genial,
Her soil's as rich as cream.



SCENE ON THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

Her mountains and her ridges
In minerals abound;
Here marble, coal and copper,
And iron ore are found.
Here the raccoon, bear and 'possum
Enjoy their paradise;
Eating chestnuts and wild honey,
And berries that are nice.

Here the deer, the squirrel and turkey
Made the hunter's heart rejoice;
And wild geese were so numerous
You could have pick and choice.

KENTUCKY.

The State of old Kentucky
Is deserving of her fame;
The battle ground of heroes,
Who braved both stake and flame.
Here the deer, the bear and panther,
And wild turkey roamed at will,
While the Indian in his wigwam
Was plotting how to kill.

Her lovely hills and mountains,
And forest trees are grand;
Her valleys are as fertile
As any in the land.
Her climate is salubrious—
She's mines of finest coal;
Her natural wealth and beauty
And scenery all extol.

Her Mammoth Cave is wonderful
As anything can be.
Its stactilites and stalagmites
Are grand beyond degree.
For growing fine tobacco
Kentucky does excel;
The yam and sweet potato
Does equally as well.

Here the 'possum and persimmon,
And ring-tailed coon abound;
Here the chestnut and the chinkepin,
And mistletoe are found.
Here's the famous blue grass region—
Where Kentucky horses graze;
Here the mule kicks high and handsome,
And the friendly ginnet brays.

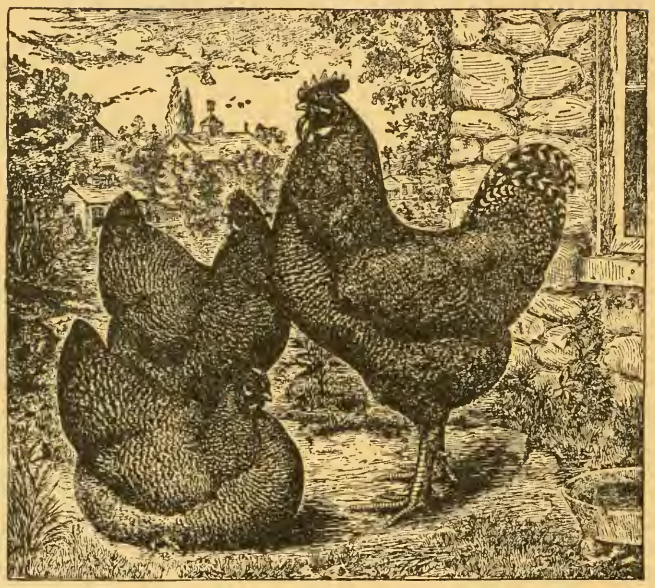
Here corn and pumpkins grow so large,
And apple jack so strong;
It don't take long to load a barge,
Or right a social wrong.
'Tis here you see the genuine type
Of young America,
Who dare to ride a fractious mule,
Or with a cannon play.

YOUNG AMERICA.

OHIO.

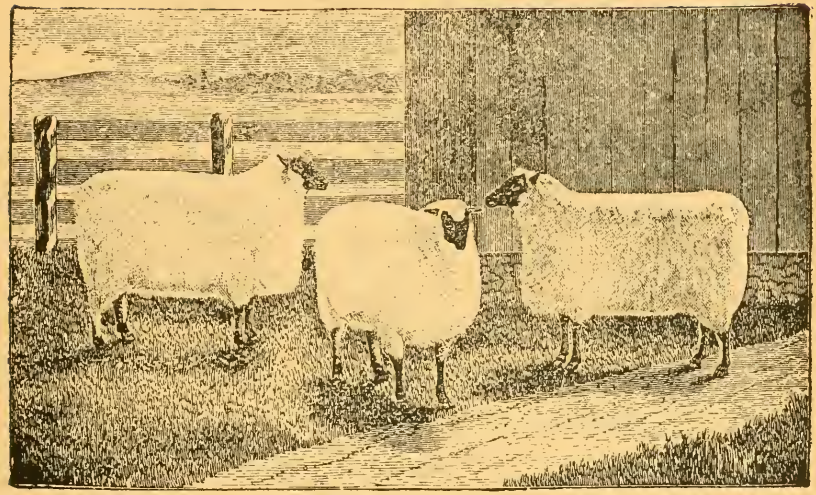
Ohio is the Buckeye State—
No finer can be found;
Her forests, lakes and rivers
Were for game and fish renowned.
Her climate it is temperate,
Her soil's as rich as cream;
Her maple oak and poplar groves,
With feathered songsters teem.

Her flocks and herds are very fine—
For wool she does excel;
Her horses are magnificent,
Her streams great mills propel.
For manufacture she exceeds
All others in the West;
Her fruit and garden truck is grand,
Her poultry is the best.



OHIO POULTRY FARM.

The land of corn and oil and wine,
And prehistoric mounds,
Where the white man and the Indian
Have fought full many rounds.
Where the acorn and the hickory nut
Supplied the squirrels with food,
And the pigs grew fat and saucy
While roaming in the wood.



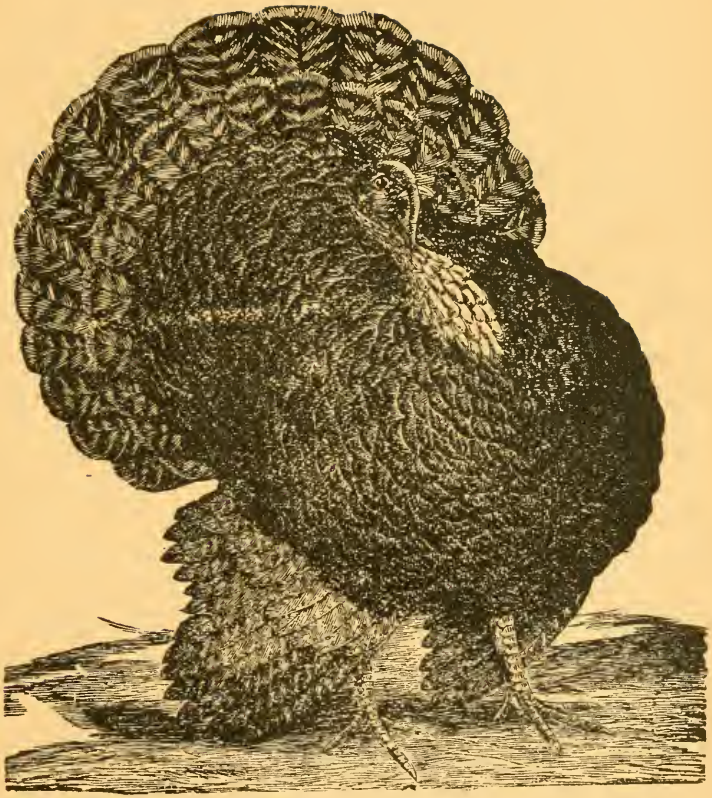
THE PRIDE OF THE BUCKEYE STATE.

Here bucks and does play'd hide and seek,
And spotted fawns did caper,
Among the spice wood and the ferns,
With ears as thin as paper.
Here the turkey gobbler used to strut,
And pheasants kept a drumming;
Here the dogwood blossomed out in May,
And wild bees kept a humming.

SQUIRREL EATING NUTS.

BUCK

Here the buckeye first did open,
And the pussey willow budded,
When all-fools day proclaimed the spring,
And the low lands were all flooded.
Here the apple tree did flourish,
And persimmon grew so tall;
Its luscious fruit would flatten,
When ripe enough to fall.



NATIVE TURKEY COCK.

OPOSSUM.

POLE CAT.

COON.

Here the 'possum, coon and pole cat
Lived peaceable together,
And enjoyed their chicken suppers
In dark and stormy weather.
Here the Indian built his wigwam,
And wooed his dusky bride,
While the scalping knife and tomahawk
Hung dangling at his side.

SCENE ON THE OHIO RIVER AT EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

NATIVE INDIAN AND WEAPONS.

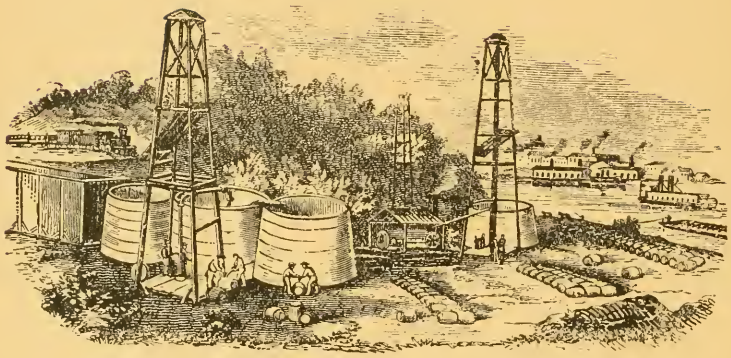
'Twas here the savage war whoop
Was heard for miles around,
And many a pale faced prisoner
Unto the stake was bound.

INDIANA.

Our grand old Indiana—
We call the hoosier State;
Her natural wealth and beauty
Is wondrous to relate.
Her walnut, oak and poplar groves
Were once her pride and boast;
She'd lofty elms and maples,
And sycamores a host.

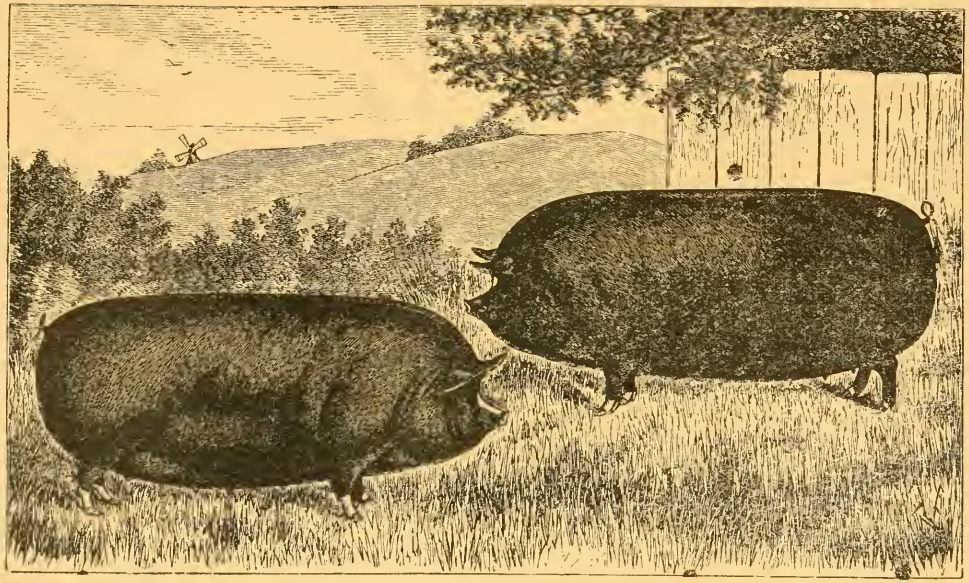
Her lovely lakes and rivers,
And prairies are a sight;
Her sunny hills and ridges
Were the red deer's great delight.
Her flocks and herds are numerous,
Her horses can't be beat;
Her streams are full of lovely fish,
Her water power's complete.

HOOSIER FARM AND BARNYARD SCENE.



OIL WELL AND TANKS.

Her oil and her gas wells
Are a sight for to be seen;
She's mines of coal and building stone,
She grows the army bean.
Her soil is so productive
That farming is a treat;
Her herds of swine are very fine—
For wheat she's hard to beat.



THE PRIDE OF THE HOOSIER STATE.

WILD TURKEY GOBBLER.

A land of milk and honey,
Of wine and oil and gas;
Where the black snake and the rattler
Went gliding through the grass.
The home of the frisky grey squirrel,
Wild goose and sly raccoon;
Wild turkey, grouse and 'possum,
Wild bee and hoosier roon.

RACCOON.

Here roamed the savage Indian,
And the war dance oft was seen;
Here many a settler lived in dread
Of the scalping knife so keen.
Here the bear his acorns gathered,
And wild hogs grew fat on shack;
Here the wolves did hold camp-meeting,
And wild ducks were heard to quack.

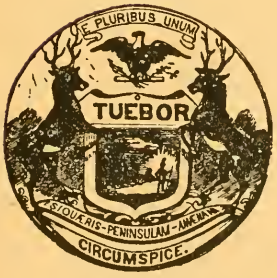
DUCK SHOOTING ON THE KANKAKEE RIVER, INDIANA.

Here grapes and rambow apples,
As well as pears and plums,
And the luscious sweet potato,
To great perfection comes.
Here the yellow corn, its tassels
Above a ten rail fence,
Waves high and dry before July,
With ears that are immense.

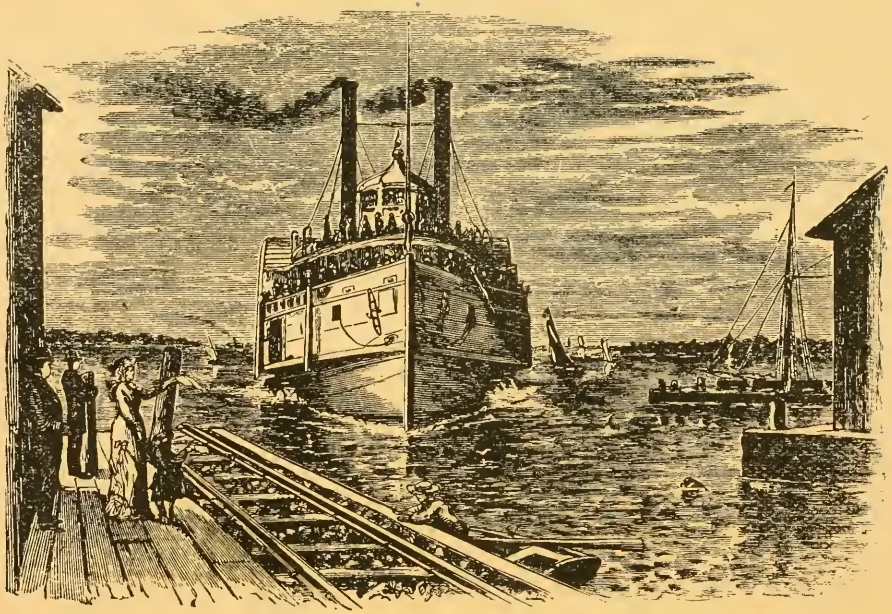
BOB WHITE.

Here the bumble bee and humming bird
Keep dancing on the thistle;
And the bob white for his lady,
Is often heard to whistle.

MICHIGAN.



Our grand old state of Michigan,
We call the wolverine,
With her lofty oaks and white woods
And her hemlocks evergreen.
With her lovely lakes and rivers,
Her bays and harbors fair,
With her boiling springs and fountains,
And her pure and bracing air.



STEAMBOAT ENTERING A MICHIGAN HARBOR ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

Her prairies are a marvel
Of beauty to behold;
She's mines of finest copper,
Of iron and of gold.
Her mint distilleries are a source
Of great material wealth;
Her lovely forests of white pine
Are just the place for health.

She's quarries of fine marble,
And cedar forests grand;
Her great artisian salt wells
Are the finest in the land.
She's a great variety of soil—
For fruit she's hard to beat,
As well as for potatoes,
Fine hay and oats and wheat.

The land of yellow peaches,
The Wolverine's delight;
The huckle berries' paradise—
Both black and blue and white.
The home of the stately red deer,
The beaver, grouse and bear;
The silver fox and fisher,
The lynx and timid hare.

A RURAL HOME IN SOUTHERN MICHIGAN.

Where the black squirrel and the boomer
On beach nuts loves to dine;
And the wood chuck sings and waltzes
With the friendly porcupine.
'Twas here the native Indian
Once lived on succotash,
And astride his noble pony,
Across the plains would dash.

SILVER FOX LOOKING FOR POULTRY.

WOOD CHUCK.

PORCUPINE.

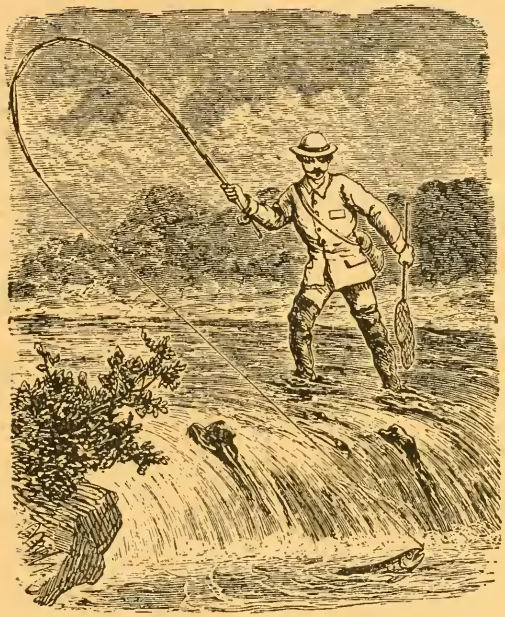
All o'er her north peninsular
Huge lumber camps abound.
Here the ax, the saw and falling pine,
All o'er the hills resound.
Here is the hunter's paradise;
Here bucks with lofty horns
Roam o'er the meadows and the plains.
And browse among the thorns.

SPRUCE HEN.

Here does and fawns are numerous,
And spruce hens are so tame,
You need not want for chicken pie,
And venison steak the same.
Her water power is hard to beat;
Her streams are full of fish;
The speckled trout and muskalonge
Are all that one could wish.

NATIVE INDIAN WARRIOR.

A NORTH MICHIGAN SCENE—BUCK, DOE AND FAWN.

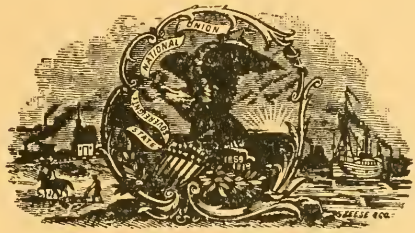


TROUT FISHING IN NORTH MICHIGAN.

Her saw mills are the very best;
Her lumber trade's immense;
Her shingle mills are hummers—
They run with small expense.
Her lumbermen and shanty boys
Are rushers in their way;
A larger hearted lot of men
You don't meet every day.

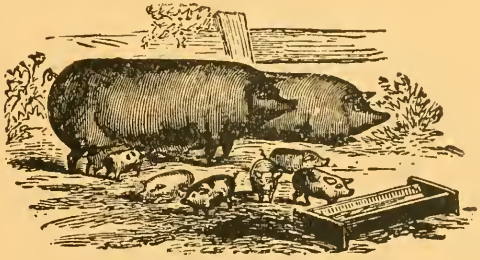
SCENE IN THE PINE WOODS OF NORTH MICHIGAN.

Their teamsters understand their trade;
They're out before daylight;
The way they hustle for the woods
It really is a sight.



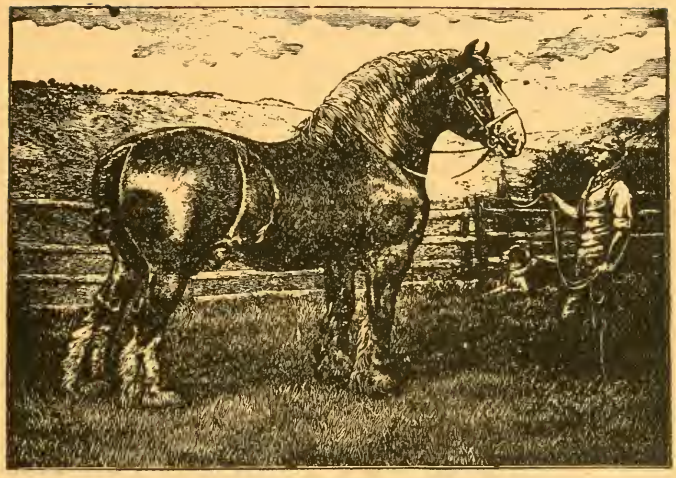
ILLINOIS.

There's our famous Illinois—
The grand old Sucker State;
With her groves and grand prairies,
Most wondrous to relate.
She's the land of corn and cabbage,
Of butter, cream and cheese;
The home of the turkey gobbler—
Where people live at ease.



BLOODED SOWS AND PIGS.

SCENE ON MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT QUINCY, ILLINOIS.



THE PRIDE OF ILLINOIS.

Here pigs and poultry thrive so well,
And horses grow so large,
That they will bring most any price
That you've a mind to charge.
Her soil is most productive—
By rivers she is bounded;
Her lakes and bays and harbors
Are as fine as ever sounded.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

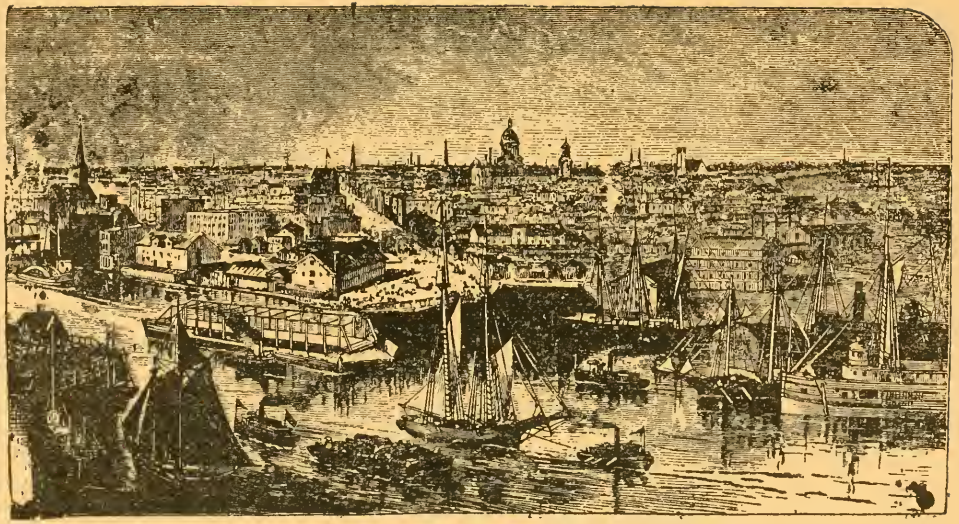
Her fisheries are numerous,
Her water power is fine;
Her flocks and herds are hard to beat,
Likewise her blooded swine.
She's mills and factories by the score,
And mines of finest coal;
Her lake and river commerce
Is the grandest of the whole.

Her peaches are as fine and large
As any of their kind;
And as to wealth and beauty
Her equal's hard to find.
Here the prairie hen and plover,
And the sand-hill crane grew fat
On the cricket and the hopper,
While they kept a merry chat.

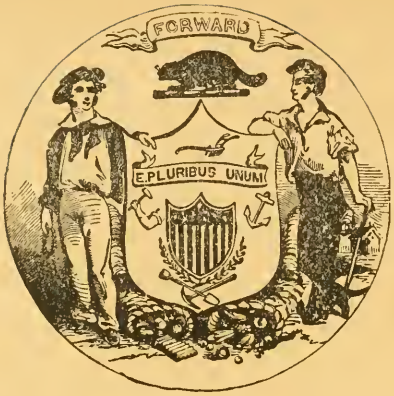
Here the mallard duck and wild goose,
And rice hen did abound,
And jack rabbits were so plenty
'Twas sport to see them hound.
Here the buffalo and antelope,
The red deer and coyote,
Once roamed about together
Without fear of being smote.

ANTELOPE.

Here the prairie dog and rattlesnake,
And owl together played,
While the lazy Indian hunter
Lay dreaming in the shade.



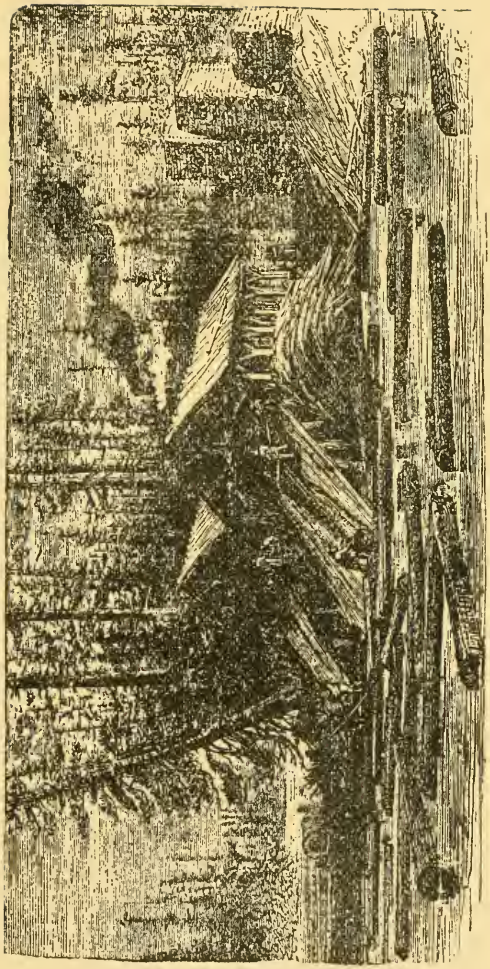
MILWAUKEE HARBOR (LAKE MICHIGAN.)



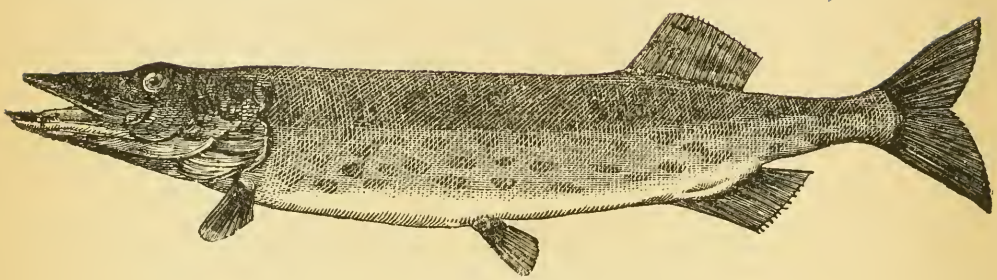
WISCONSIN.

Wisconsin is the Badger State—
Her water power's complete;
She's the home of the potato,
And for farming can't be beat.
Her prairies and her forests
Are as fine as any known;
Her lovely lakes and rivers
Are the favorites of her own.

Her bays and spacious harbors,
And her fountains are a sight;
Her boiling springs and brooklets
Are the speckled trouts' delight.
Huge muskalonge and catfish
In her waters still are found;
Here bass and pike and pickerel,
And whitefish do abound.



SAW MILL SCENE IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.



MUSKALONGE.

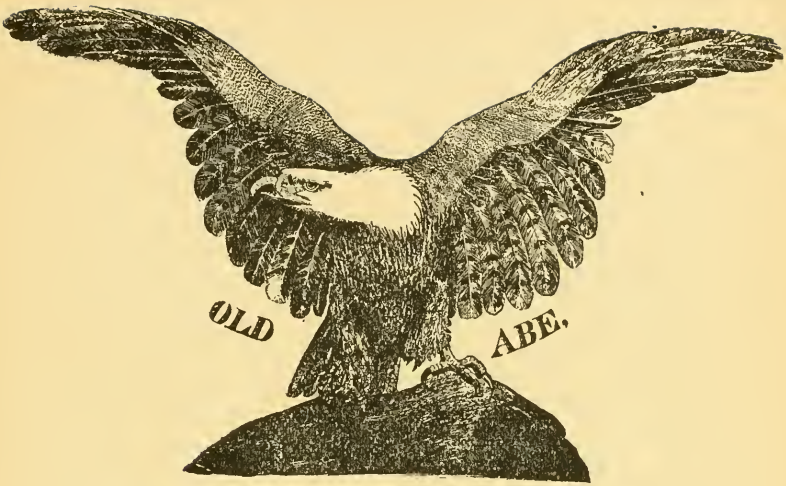
Her woolen mills are valuable,
Her paper mills are grand;
Her factories and her saw mills
For labor make demand.
Her dairies and her creameries
Are as fine as can be found;
Her herds and flocks are numerous—
On finance she is sound.

JERSEY COWS.

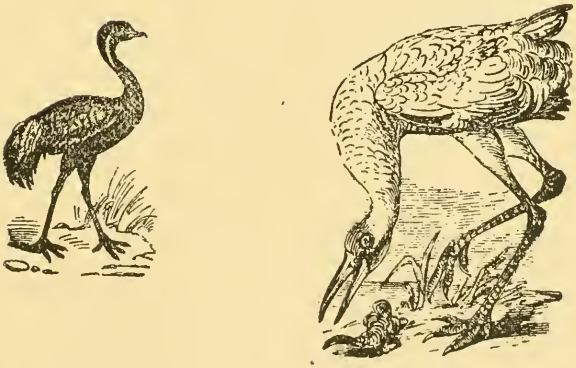
The land of milk and honey,
Where the Jersey cow's the queen;
Here they build for her the silo—
Hence her clover's ever green.
Her northern lakes and rivers,
With pine forests are adorned;
Huge bass wood, spruce and hemlock
Here long the winds have scorned.

INDIANS PLAYING BALL.

'Tis here the jolly moss back
And woodmen love to roam;
With ax and saw and pevy
They quickly build a home.
Here logging camps are numerous,
And business always brisk;
'Tis here the merry circle saw
Displays her shining disc.



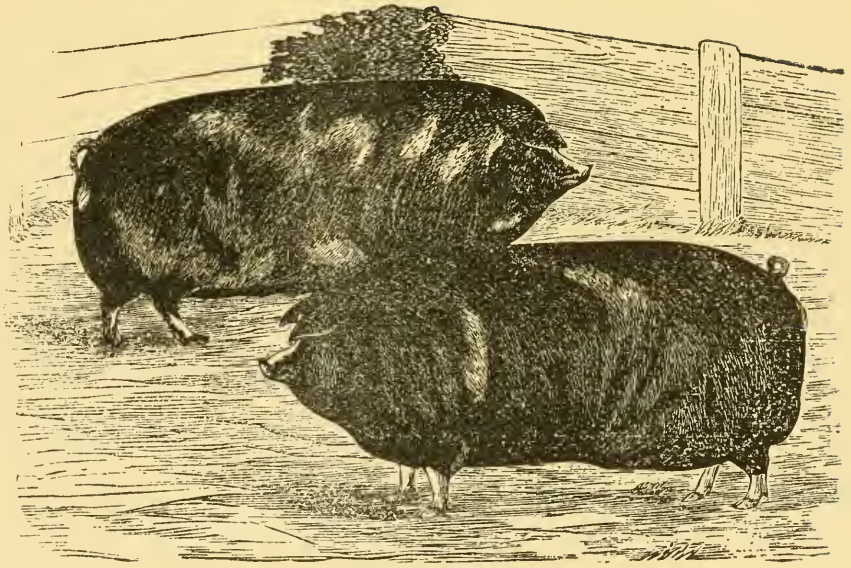
EAGLE.



CRANES LOOKING FOR FROGS.

Here minerals of many kinds
And mammoth stone are found;
Here deer and bear and partridge
Most plentifully abound.
Here Indian live in wigwams,
And the quill pig grows so lean—
A fighting of mosquitoes,
He's a sight for to be seen.

Here the whippoowill keeps singing
Her low and plaintive song;
And the nights are cool and breezy,
Though scarcely five hours long.
Here the eagles rear their young ones
In the tops of lofty pines;
Here the ravens hold their councils,
And the crane on bullfrog dines.

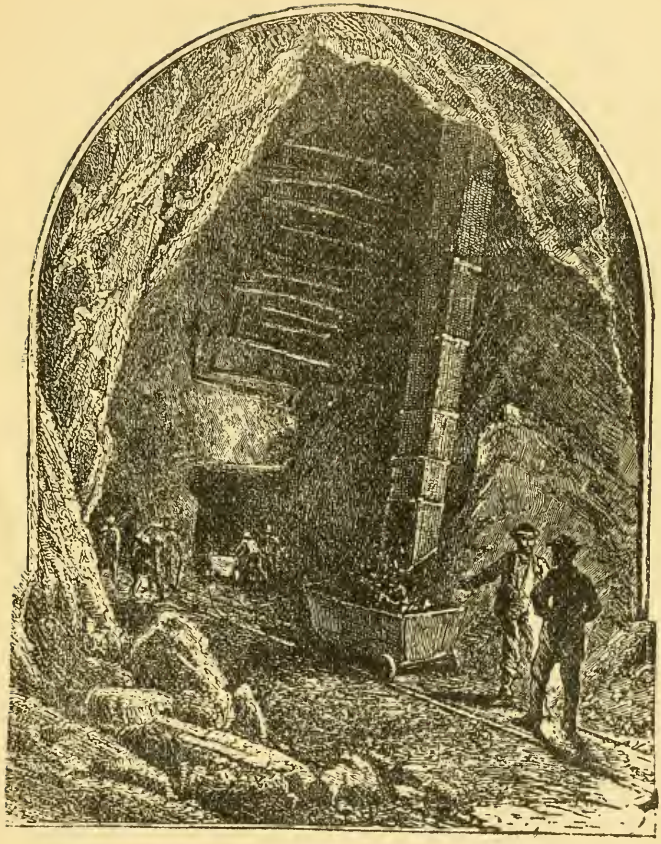


MAMMOTH SWINE.

IOWA.

The prosperous State of Iowa—
The Hawkeye we will name;
Her groves and grand prairies
Add greatly to her fame.
Her climate is delightful,
Her soil's as rich as cream;
Her lovely hills and valleys
With buffalo did teem.

For corn and oats she's hard to beat,
Her flocks and herds are fine;
Her poultry is the very best—
She raises mammoth swine.
Her mills and factories are a source
Of wealth that is immense;
Her commerce is extensive,
Her roads are small expense.



MINING SCENE IN IOWA.

JACK RABBIT.

Her lovely lakes and rivers
Afford all kinds of fish;
The mallard duck and prairie hen
Are all that you could wish.
Here roamed the antelope and deer,
Jack rabbit and coyote;
'Twas here the Indian maiden
In her birch canoe did float.

Her mineral wealth's abundant—
She's mines of coal and lead;
Her water power is excellent—
Her people are well fed.
Her garden truck is number one,
Her berries are a treat;
For beauty, wealth and progress
This state is hard to beat.

NEBRASKA.

Nebraska is as fine a State
As any in the West;
Her prairies are extensive,
Her soil's the very best.
For corn and hogs and cattle,
This State is hard to beat;
Her garden truck is number one—
With any she'll compete.

She grows all classes of cereals,
Potatoes, peas and oats;
A better place is hard to find
For raising sheep or goats.
Her flocks and herds are numerous,
Her cows are large and nice;
And 'tis no wonder she is called
The farmers' paradise.

Here the prairie hen and plover
Were most plentiful and tame;
The sand-hill crane and wild goose,
And other kinds of game.
Here the Indian with his pappoose
Once played upon the green;
'Twas here the savage war dance
And council fire was seen.

Here roamed the buffalo and elk,
The antelope and deer,
The coyote and jack rabbit,
And prairie dog so queer.
'Twas here the native wild horse
Once galloped o'er the plains;
And here the jolly cowboy
His noble bronco trains.

MINNESOTA.

The State of Minnesota
Is noted for her mills;
Her flour trade is enormous—
She has what e'er she wills.
Her prairies are delightful,
Her soil is hard to beat;
In short, she is a paradise
For growing oats and wheat.

For potatoes, beets and cabbage
Her equal's hard to find;
For garden truck and berries
Of every class and kind.
She's the head of navigation,
Her lumber trade's immense,
And in her northern district
Pine forests grow most dense.

Her maple, elm and bass wood
Are lovely to behold;
Her poplar, spruce and hemlock
Is yearly turned to gold.
She's the great through railroad center
Of all the North and West;
As well as great lake commerce—
With shipping trade she's blessed.

Her factories and her saw mills
Are as fine as can be found;
Her building stone is handsome
As any 'neath the ground.
Her farms and gardens are a source
Of great material wealth;
Her lovely springs and fountains
Add greatly to her health.

Her flocks and herds are valuable,
Her horses large and strong;
Her dairy cows are excellent,
Her porkers tall and long.
For eggs and poultry she's renowned,
As well as milk and butter;
'Tis here you'll see the moss-back armed
With snow shoes and a cutter.

Her numerous lakes and rivers
Are full of lovely fish;
There's speckled trout and grayling—
These make a dainty dish.
Here geese and ducks and prairie hens
Most plentifully abound;
Here deer and moose and caribou
In the north woods may be found.

Here logging camps are numerous,
And business on the boom;
Her lumbermen are wide awake,
For logs they soon make room.
Her shanty boys are rustlers,
They love to fall the pine;
A jollier lot of woodsmen
On venison steak ne're dine.

MISSOURI.

The state of old Missouri
In mineral wealth abounds;
Her prairies are magnificent—
She's lovely hills and mounds.
Her climate is salubrious,
Her soil is hard to beat,
For corn and hay and cabbage,
As well as oats and wheat.

Her lead mines are the richest known,
Her coal is fine indeed,
Her famous iron mountain
Would supply a nation's need.
For hogs as well as cattle
She is a paradise,
Her poultry is the very best,
Her garden truck is nice.

She's the great through railroad center
Of all the south and west;
Her shipping trade's extensive—
With pure water she is blest.
Her rivers are the largest
And longest of them all,
Her forests are magnificent,
Her trees are large and tall.

MISSOURI INDIANS SMOKING K-NICK-K-NECK.

'Twas here the noble red man
Once paddled his canoe,
And smoked his royal k-nick-k-neck,
Till everything was blue.
Here melons and sweet potatoes
To great perfection come,
And here you see the honey bird
And wild bee on the hum.

'Tis here you see the stately deer
And rabbit on the bound;
Here the bear, the buffalo and wolf,
And ring tail coon were found;
Here the 'possum and the rattle snake
Attain their greatest size,
And the viscious old tarantula
The natives did surprise.

She's the home of the wily fox squirrel,
The mallard duck and quail,
The turtle dove and jack snipe—
Where peaches never fail.
The land of big red apples,
The traveler's delight,
Where the turkey and the mocking bird
Keep singing day and night.

CALIFORNIA.

You've often heard, as I suppose,
Of our State of California;
The land of gold, of grapes and prunes—
Where roses are not thorny.
She's the pride of our America,
A paradise for bees;
The land of wheat, of fruit and flowers—
Where grows the giant trees.

Her Valley of the Yosemite
Is lovely as can be;
Its canyons and its waterfalls
Are grand beyond degree.
The grizzly bear and mountain sheep
Here found a genial home;
The antelope and buffalo
Together here did roam.

Her trout and salmon's hard to beat.
Her mountain springs are grand;
Here rabbits are so numerous
They overrun the land.
Her mines are rich in minerals
Of every class and kind;
A better place for shooting geese
Is very hard to find.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

Her bays and harbors are as fine
As any in the land;
Her shipping trade's enormous—
Great wealth she does command.
In short, she is a paradise
For peaches and for plums,
For orange groves and vineyards—
Where winter never comes.

The golden gate of Columbia—
The garden of the world;
Where storms and tempests are unknown,
And thunder's never hurled.
'Tis here you'll find all climates—
Can have just what you please;
Warm, tropical, cool mountain air,
Or balmy ocean breeze.

The Hinkley Fire Cyclone.

On Hinkley dawned that autumn day,
As mild and calm as summer night;
Each villager his work pursued,
Nor dreamed of danger, fear or flight.
Hark! from whence comes that dreadful roar?
See! 'tis a cyclone of awful fire,
Crashing, leaping, lurid flame—
'Tis coming! roaring, raging, nier, nier.

Wonder of wonders, prophetic scene,
The heaven's ablaze, sun dark as night;
The elements melt with fervent heat—
O! woeful day, appalling sight.
Electric flame and vaporous smoke,
Combustion of gasses, heated air,
Burning pitch and angry clouds—
Death and destruction everywhere.

Onward it swept o'er all the land,
No human power its wrath could stay;
Villages, homes, near a thousand lives,
Were swept from the earth in one brief day.
Beautiful forests of waving pine,
Mills and factories and dwellings grand,
But yesterday, like a paradise,
To-day, a ruined and blackened land.

Swift as lightning, on wings of wind,
No timely warning to its victims given,
Came this tornado of dreadful fire—
Bravest of hearts to despair were driven.
Hark! 'tis a prayer from a mother's lips—
Father and children around her stand,
Stricken with terror, scorched by the heat,
How they cling to that mother's hand.

Only a second and all is o'er—
Flames sweeping round them stifle their breath;
Where, but a moment before was heard cries,
Now all is hushed in the stillness of death.
Wrapped in a shroud of electrical flame,
No more they suffer, no more they'll weep;
Freed from all accident, sorrow and care.
Fallen into a painless sleep.

Such was the fate of hundreds more
During that day and the coming night;
Their bodies dissolve in a sea of fire,
Their spirit's ascend to the father of light.
At Hinkley the fight for life was great—
Men, women and children rushed to and fro,
Frantic with fright, with pain and dread,
A few to the gravel pit did go.

These were narrowly saved from death
By a pool of water therein contained,
Kept as it were by providence,
In this rude pit, since last it rained.
'Twas here wild beasts, as well as men,
Took refuge from the dreadful heat;
Cattle and horses and even swine
Here found a welcome and last retreat.

Two hundred lives were thus preserved,
While five more hundred perished there.
Alas how soon love turns to grief,
And hope to blackness of despair.
Eight hundred more, who did reside
In this once prosperous rural town,
Escaped for life on railroad train—
Some ran the railroad up and down.

Away they sped o'er burning ties,
Through dreadful heat and blinding smoke;
The engineer stood at his post,
And ne'er a faltering word he spoke.
As by a miracle, at last,
They reach a place of safety;
Their homes all burned, possessions lost—
For friends they search most faithfully.

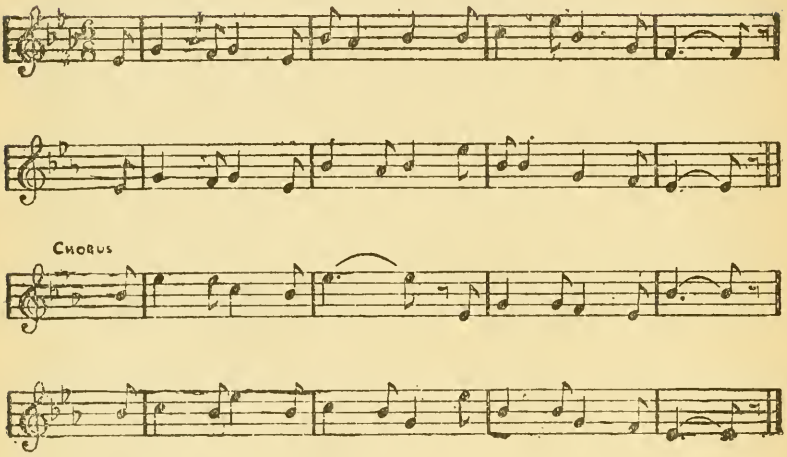
Near ten by thirty miles was swept
By this most awful holocaust;
Ten million worth of property,
And near a thousand lives were lost.
Fair Minnesota's pleasant land
Is filled with mourning everywhere,
For sons and daughters, brave and true,
And brothers all who perished there.

HINKLEY, MINN., SEPT. 1, 1894.

A MODERN CYCLONE.

We'll No More Say Farewell.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. BOAZE.



There is a bright and better land
Where saints and angels dwell;
Where friends ne'er take the parting hand,
And never say farewell.

CHORUS.

We'll no more say farewell,
We'll no more say farewell,
In that bright world of love and joy,
We'll no more say farewell.

How oft while here in earth's employ
We hear the sad farewell,
But in that world of love and joy
We'll no more say farewell.

There life is one eternal song,
Its joys no tongue can tell;
And when we join that ransomed throng
We'll no more say farewell.

To earthly friends and kindred here
We soon must say farewell,
But when we meet our loved ones there
We'll no more say farewell.

Daniel's God Is Mine.

Through all the changing scenes of life,
From boyhood's tender age,
My mind has struggled to be free
From doubt and fear and rage.
I sought for wisdom and for power,
I cried for help divine;
Ere long it came, and now I know
That Daniel's God is mine.

That God who didst all things create,
By virtue of his will,
Who didst design the eye for light,
And gave the bee his skill.
The great all-wisdom that didst give
The sun his power to shine;
That infinite intelligence—
A Daniel's God is mine.

That Being who designed the ear,
To catch the smallest sounds
That vibrate through the earth and air,
And gave the sea its bounds.
That great almighty power supreme,
That men can ne'er define;
The author of all mind and thought—
A Daniel's God is mine.

The ruler of the universe.
Who fixed the worlds in space,
And gave to each attractive power
To keep them in their place.
That spirit of eternal truth,
As well as love divine,
That made the night to serve the day,
A Daniel's God is mine.

To all who read my history through,
If aught of worth you see,
Give praise to whom all praise is due;
But give it not to me.
The author of all being didst
My thoughts to rhyme incline,
Through inspiration of the good;
This wondrous God is mine.

NOTE.— All the songs and poems contained in this book are original, except the one accredited to my brother.

H. BOAZE, JR.

Address—Grand Rapids, Mich.

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